THE PUBLIC:
Co., the Inventors, Manufacturers
of the justly celebrated R. R. R.
e first to discover a Remedy pos-
rvelous and Miraculous Power of
st Excruciating Pains in an in-
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external in a few minutes, and
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R. R. R. Remedies consist o
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instantly—
The Human System from Pain
Each Organ to a Healthy Ac
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Away all Diseased Deposits.
The Body from all Corrup
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The Weak and Broken Dow
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To Health, Strength and Vi
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R. R. R. No. 1.
Y'S READY RELIEF,
ll Acute Complaints,
AL AND EXTERNAL.
t is applied externally or taken
it will stop the most excruciating
r remove its cause.
RHEUMATISM
a mason well known in Brook
le for nine years, Radway's Rea
eved him from pain in fifteen
d him to walk two miles without
k or crutch in three days, and
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f other cases equally as wonde
ve, have been cured by R. R.
ERA MORBUS.
ady Relief will relieve the suf-
in in fifteen or twenty minutes.
most desperate cases in a few
NEURALGIA.
R. R. Relief is applied it allays
Paroxysms. It will always cure
K HEAD ACHE.
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It will likewise prevent renew-
AGUE.
s a teaspoonful of R. R. Relief
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Strains, Sprains, Stiff joints
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in a few moments ENTIRELY
wellings, heals sores, cuts and
es bruises, allays the most vio-
For all pains use R. R. Relief.
ignature of Radway & Co. on
R. R.—No 2.
ENOVATING RESOLVENT
s, Renovates, Rebuilds.
IT CURES
mors, Bleeding of the Lungs,
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DDLETON, OF WACCAMAW, S. C.
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SPIRITS—NERVOUSNESS
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cast such gloom over their spirits
the Renovating Resolvent will
the most NERVOUS, GLOO-
PRESSED, feel HEALTHY,
HAPPY.
ing this Remedy will please ass
Renovating Resolvent. Its price
r bottle. No small bottles, nor
ever sold for less. Each bottle
mile signature of
RADWAY & CO.,
162 Fulton street, New York
R. R. R. No. 3.
AY'S REGULATORS.
S TO A HEALTHY ACTION
s and Secretions of the body
s to Health and Strength,
ASED AND WORN OUT
PARTS.
THAT RADWAY'S REGULATORS
ENTIRELY CURE.
ess, Liver Complaint,
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EVER OF ALL KINDS.
Pleurisy, Common Colds
MALE COMPLAINTS.
ty, Prolapsus Uteri,
Womb Difficulties,
Amenorrhea,
PETITE, Loss of Memory,
ergy, Loss of Strength,
L. REGULATORS
NTIRELY VEGETABLE,
Tasteless, Never Sicken,
times, Never Gripe,
DOSES,
O THREE—REGULATES.
R TO SIX—PURGES.
or at Night, on going to bed, will
leep, a Good Night's Rest, and a
Pleasant Discharge from the
morning.
REGULATORS, READY RELIEF,
NG RESOLVENT ARE SOLD
GGISTS EVERYWHERE.
REWARD.—DR. CROSS
man's Specific Mixture, for the
ea, gleet, strictures, and anom-
s of the organs of generation.
notify where it may be had; and
challenges a single case of gon-
ought which the mixture will not
der forfeit of $500. For sale by
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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

A WEEKLY SPORTING PAPER—DEVOTED TO THE RING, THE TURF, PEDESTRIANISM, CRICKET, YACHTING, AQUATICS, ROWING MATCHES, THEATRICALS, MUSIC, &c., &c.

NO. 16.---VOL. 2. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1854. PRICE THREE CENTS.

THE LIFE AND BATTLES
—OF—
DICK CURTIS,
The Pet of the Fancy.

From a work published in England in 1828—now first republished in this country, in the columns of the NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Warren's friends were *zealous* in his cause. On this dispute, the following letter appeared in the Weekly Dispatch:

To the Editor, &c.

SIR—As yet I have no reason to doubt the justice of the maxim adopted by you in your paper of Sunday last, namely, "Open to all parties, and influenced by none;" but, on the contrary, I am encouraged to request the insertion of the following loose remarks relative to the battle between Warren and Curtis. Regarding, as I do, Pugilism as a national sport, and also as a science noble in itself, and founded upon the most wise and heroic principles, I cannot but feel the most sincere regret at the continued disputes and bickerings which follow each battle that takes place, under the auspices of that part of the world called "The Fancy." This is an effect produced by a departure from the fundamental principles laid down by those men who in other times, and in other nations, would, by their prowess, have entitled themselves to a triumph far greater than an ovation! To remedy this evil may be an arduous task, but it is a task that well becomes the admirers of manly intrepidity. I shall content myself by referring to the circumstances of the fight above named. The battle money having been given up by the Stake holder has, of course, produced much disappointment, as well as much dissatisfaction; all of which might have been prevented, had the ring been properly kept, which will never be the case, unless the ring-keepers publicly express their determination to exclude all persons from its precincts, except the principals and their seconds; no subterfuge should be allowed, no pretence of minding bottles, coats, hats, or any other consideration, should induce the persons before named to wink at the most trifling intrusion. Had the ring been kept, as has been recommended, the amateurs might have been enabled to form some opinion for themselves; but the ring being half occupied with intruders, the confusion which followed is by no means wonderful, though it must be particularly regretted; as I am persuaded that the Umpires themselves, together with the Referee, were in total ignorance of what had taken place, until it was communicated to them by others; upon which communication neither the Umpires nor Referee had a right to decide, without a regular meeting, and an examination; when it would have been proved that Curtis was improperly extricated from the ropes, and that Warren was entitled to the stakes.

I am, Sir, yours, &c., H. W.

Curtis and Warren were both dissatisfied with the drawing of the Stakes; and nothing else but a *third* fight can put the matter to rights between them.

Since the fighting period of the late Jack Randall, no boxer of the "light weights" has stood anything like so high on the Pugilistic Fame as Dick Curtis. Like the Nonpareil, too, the smiles of victory have crowned all his efforts; in fact, "the Pet" has exhibited his mailing talent so often in the P. R. for upwards of seven years, and his mode of fighting so well known to the Fancy in general, throughout all his battles, that any further preface as to his capabilities would be out of place.

The THIRD battle between Curtis and Peter Warren, for £50 a-side, was decided on Tuesday, July 8, 1823:—

A long run for it—a short fight—the prads dead beat, and the persuaders of no service—the Amateurs wet to the skin—yet no satisfaction—but plenty of grumbling—and nothing else but disappointment expressed by the Fancy, on witnessing the mill on Crawley Downs, in Sussex.

On Tuesday, the lads, who had any notion of seeing the fight, were compelled to start early for Blindlow Heath, a distance of 25 miles from London. Every Amateur expressed great dissatisfaction at being taken so far from town, to witness what is termed a "little fight!" but when the Fancy arrived at Riddlesdown, and were told it was removed to Crawley Downs, a general sing out took place, that "it was too bad!" Several of the prads were dead beat; and lots of customers never obtained a sight of the ring, and were left behind at the lush cribs on the road, to amuse themselves in any way they thought proper. At ten minutes to two, Curtis, arm-in-arm with his backer from Bermondsey, threw his hat into the ring, followed by the John Bull Fighter, in sweet trim, accompanied by the elegant and eloquent pal of the veteran B G Harry was also in tip-top twig, and yellowmen were stylishly placed round their necks; and it was observed, "that looks like winning!" Warren soon after entered the ring, attended by his seconds, Crawley and Paddington Jones. Previous to which, it was insisted upon by the backers of Warren, that two ropes should, in the usual way, be placed round the stakes, one only having been attached to them: this request was immediately complied with. The colours, green for Warren, and yellow for the Pet, were tied to the stakes. Odds, 6 to 4 on Curtis.

Round First.—On stripping, although wanting one pound of nine stone, the "Pet" was much fancied by the spectators, and pronounced in good condition. Warren was also bang-up; and asserted to be upwards of ten stone. Peter scarcely placed himself in attitude when he let fly; but nothing was gained by it. Curtis returned right and left, which told slightly, and Warren's activity caused him to turn round. Dodging of each other for a short period, when a long pause took place. Warren, as if tired put down his arms, and walked away. (Laughing, from the spectators.) The Pet followed Peter, when counter-hits occurred on their nobs; and Curtis's right eye received a touch, that kept him winking. Another long pause. Dick put down his hands, and Peter rubbed up his hair, to give it a Brutus look. Once more in attitude, Warren's right hand alighted on his opponent's body, and he got away. ("Go along, Peter," from the Whitechapelers.) Another pause. Warren hit short, and so did the Pet, but if they had told, there would have been summut the matter. "Closer, Dick," said Holt. Another tedious pause. Here Randall asked, "If there were any night-caps to dispose of, as he should have an opportunity of taking a nap between the blows." Peter again put his hands down. (More laughter.) "It is of no use, Peter. Don't wait for counter-hitting, but go to work," from the spectators. The Pet aimed a good one at Peter's nob, when the latter got away smiling. Dick put his hands down. "Why," said the John Bull Fighter, "they are like a couple of gentle cocks picking up the barley." The Pet now made play, and planted two facers right and left, without any return. "Beautiful!" from the Bermondseys, who had sported lots of blunt on the event. Skirmishing slightly all over the ring, but no blows of consequence passed between them. Peter endeavoured to plant a heavy body hit, which the Pet stopped; when Peter very sharply endeavoured to put in a back-handed blow, but without effect. Dick again made play, and had the best of it, by planting two hits. The Pet likewise made another excellent stop. (Applause from all parts of the ring.) Curtis now went to work—a close ensued, when the Pet, completely in the Randall style, fibbed Warren, repeating blows almost faster than they could be numbered, drawing the claret, getting his antagonist down, and falling upon him. (Loud roars of approbation.) Warren said to Curtis, "Dick, you have won it. My knee is out, and I cannot fight any more!" Curtis, of course, waited till time was called, and Warren not appearing at the scratch, "the Pet" was declared the winner. This round occupied nine minutes.

Upon the writer of this account inquiring of the surgeon the extent of the accident, in order to give accurate information to the Sporting World, and rather pressing an answer from the two medical gentlemen, whether it was of so serious a nature as to prevent Warren from continuing the battle, the reply was,—"The cap of the knee was not dislocated—no fracture had taken place—in all probability, one of the ligatures belonging to the tendon might have been broken, but, to ascertain that fact correctly, they must have cut open Warren's leg, as there was no judgment to be pronounced from the exterior. At that moment, nothing more than a slight sprain was visible." Upon Warren being carried to the post-chaise, those persons who had dropped their blunt, in their rage assailed him with the epithets of "cur! a nice thing, indeed! a complete robbery! a dead do! Psha! his knee broken, indeed—no, no it was his heart!" &c., &c., and abuse enough to fill a volume.

The Fancy, on their return home, napped it heavily; bad roads, heavy showers—thunder and lightning—horses knocked up—not a dry thread on them—additional expenses—which, added to the recollection of losing their blunt, made it to many of the coves a truly *miserable day!* All of which might have been prevented, if the decision of the Referee had been attended to in the previous battle, and the money given up, where it ought to have been—to the Pet of the Fancy!

To the Editor of the Weekly Dispatch.

SIR,—By your inserting the inclosed in your truly valuable paper, it will be a satisfaction to the Amateurs of the Sporting World in general, as to the nature of the accident that befel me on Tuesday. At the same time I beg leave to state, that my friends will again back me against Curtis, from £50 to £100, as soon as I am perfectly recovered.

I remain, Sir, yours, &c.,
PETER WARREN.

Whitechapel, July 11, 1823.
July 11, 1823.

"SIR,—Having been called in professionally to attend Peter Warren, on examination I found his knee considerably swollen and much inflamed, and, from the appearances, I should conceive, that at the time of receiving the injury, the pain must have been so great, as to deprive him of the use of it, and consequently compel him, however unwilling, to retire from the field, at a time when affairs wore the most promising aspect. I found it necessary to direct the application of twenty leeches, and other means, for reducing the inflammation; and I am fearful it will be some time before he perfectly recovers.

"I remain, Sir, yours, with respect,
"JOSH ROBARTS."

"*Brick-lane Spitalfields.*"

Dick Hares, a well-known good man in his day, and although getting somewhat stale, was nevertheless backed by his friends for £50 a-side, against Dick Curtis. This match was to have been decided on Tuesday, April 13, 1824: but it turned out to be—"No Go!"

The Law's Delay.—Early on the day appointed, the road to Moulsey Hurst exhibited one of the finest pictures of the FANCY going to a fight, that had been witnessed for several months past, from the highest bred Swell to the lowest cut Kid in St. Kitt's, or the Holy Land. The expected scene was attractive; national feelings were on tip-toe; and that accounts for the brilliant mixture of characters on the above occasion. The fastidious critic perhaps may smile at the term brilliant; but, wherever Nature prevails, she is and must be brilliant. It was exactly so on the above Tuesday—thousands of countenances were to be met with on the road, full of anxiety, expression, and inquiry, and all directed to one precise object: the M.P.'s head—the classic's frontispiece—the artist's index—the reporter's upper works—the flash man's mug—and the nobs of the Fancy—all in an uproar at the disappointment. "I am told," said a chaffing costermonger, who was surrounded by a small crowd of persons, "it was spoilt yesterday by a clergyman, who ear-wigged the beak at Bow-Street, and he has sent down a Bishop this day to finish it. Vy, Lord bless you! it a'nt Sir Richard's fault; he himself would not stop such a thing in a thousand years. He is too much of an Englishman! He knows the feelings of the people too vell. He is the right sort of a man for a magistrate: he is what I calls a John Bull justice, and vont interrupt the sports of the poor people, when they turn to good account. Vat is to become of that true courage shown in our fleets and armies? Vy, they vill make nothing but dandies of us all, if they go on this vay. Our meetings are not polytickle. The Fancy are all loyal to a man. I always did say and, vat is more, I always vill say, God bless the King. I knows, from good authority, that the King, and all his ministers, likes fighting men. ('Come, no gammon, Jemmy, from one of his pals.) Vasn't Nelson a fighting man, I axes? and didn't the Duke of Wellington mill the French in prime style? ('So he did.') But the beak must do his duty, and I am sure ve shall all obey him, through these two excellent officers (Smith and Bishop.) Bad luck now my blades, the better another time. It's all U—P, I see. I shall lose no more time, but turn my drag round, and be off to town."

The stakes and ropes had been taken to Shepperton, and the ring made, previous to the arrival of Bishop and Smith at Hampton. Upon the officers making known to Curtis the nature of their errand, he was vexed extremely; indeed, so were all the milling coves who were to have entered the P.R.

When the baulk was complete, and it was reduced to a certainty that it would be "no go!" the milling coves showed themselves to their friends; and, to the eye of the public, Curtis was a fine picture of health, and most clearly demonstrated the advantages to be derived by a strict adherence to training; and the improvement of person of his opponent, Hares, was far more conspicuous than in Curtis. The Gipsy was as well as he possibly could be; in fact, Cooper was in tip-top condition. Reed, it is said, was equally trained, but his appearance was not so much in his favor as his other brethren of the fist. The Pet was as confident of victory as if the battle had been over; the friends of Hares were equally so. The Gipsy had also calculated the £50 was in his pocket; and Reed had made up his mind to win, and nothing else. The above remarks increased the interest throughout the Amateurs, and the exclamations were, "What a pity! Two prime battles must have been the result," &c., &c. To detail half the opinions expressed at the above disappointment would fill a small volume: but the general idea was, the fight had been prevented on account of religious scruples, namely, passion week; and all amusements having been suspended in the Metropolis, and the churches opened every day for the service of prayers, the Fancy bowed resignation of spirit, and retired from Hampton in the most creditable, orderly, and peaceful manner. At twelve o'clock the town was getting thin of company, and, by one, only a few stragglers were left, to enjoy themselves with a good dinner and a glass of wine, to the accomplishment of which, no law in England offers any resistance. It was no baulk, but rather an advantage, to the Bonifaces along the road, as their customers had more time allowed than usual to get rid of their blunt. Considering it was "no go," added to the expenses of prads and carriages, and refreshments upon the journey, the Amateurs met their great disappointment in better humour than might have been expected.

The above disappointment, however unpleasant to the feelings of the Fancy, did not operate long against the desires of the Amateurs; and a new match was accordingly made for £50 a side; and decided on Tuesday, July 8, 1823, at Moulsey Hurst. On the ring being cleared out, after Ned Neal had defeated Gaynor, Hares, attended by Tom Shelton and Peter Crawley, threw his hat into the ring. He looked gay, smiling, and quite confident, with a blue bird's-eye fogle hanging carelessly round his neck. In a short time, the Pet followed, attended by the John Bull Fighter and the Sage of the East. The latter hero was as nice and clean as a new pin. Curtis attempted to throw his castor into the ropes, but the wind blew it back, and Bill Moss caught it like a ball, and threw it into the ring. The odds were 6 to 4 pounds, and 7 to 4, 2 to 1, for Peter. The colours were tied to the stakes, the yellow-man for Curtis.

Round First.—On stripping, the condition of Hares was the admiration of every Amateur present. He looked like a new man, instead of an old one. Such are the advantages of training, if a covey is not absolutely done up. "Curtis must be licked to-day: he has not stamina enough to get rid of Hares," was the cry. It was also our opinion that the Pet would have more work to do than he could perform. We also heard Jack Randall express the same thing, by Josh. Hudson and Jack Randall as his seconds, and Warren was waited upon by Aby Belasco and Rogers. Two and three to one on Curtis, in several instances, were refused, so completely was Dick the favourite, notwithstanding Warren had been into training.

Round First.—The attitudes of both the men were good, but caution was witnessed on both sides; and length counter-hits occurred, and Warren is one of the best counter-hitters on the list. Dick's nose was touched, and the claret also appeared. In closing, Dick was going to work, *a la Randall*, when Warren went down. The ring was rather in disorder at this time.

Second.—Dick was not long before he put in a conker, and the claret followed freely; Warren, however, countered well; but, in a short but sharp rally, Warren was thrown, and Curtis fell heavily upon him.—Shouts for Curtis.

Third.—Warren is a scientific fighter, and could always make a good fight with Curtis. The former came up well, and endeavoured to plant a bodier, but Dick stopped it in fine style. ["Beautiful!" all round the ring] This was a capital round, and some excellent fighting occurred, but ultimately, Warren was thrown.

Fourth.—A row occurred outside of the ropes, and Dick being attracted by the noise, received a nobber for not looking at his man. Warren also endeavoured to drive Dick to the ropes, when a close occurred, and both went down.—Curtis for 100—for any odds.

Fifth.—Warren, on leaving his second's knee, said, "he would fight no more, there was such a row." "You shall fight," replied Dick; "you told everybody you would lick me like fun, and now I want you to do it, if you can, and not baulk the gentlemen who have subscribed to the purse." Dick now stood to no repairs, but pitched into Warren, who was obliged to fight for his safety. At the ropes, Warren got severely punished, and, when he was picked up, he said, on shaking hands with Dick, "I will not fight any more for any body." Here the contest ended in a general blow up; every person being dissatisfied who had subscribed towards the purse. Dick received the twenty sovereigns, and Warren four pounds. The Pet won the battle in eight minutes.

Warren, in opposition to the advice of his friends, and, notwithstanding four battles had taken place between him and Curtis, in the Prize Ring, was determined to try his luck a fifth time; and a match was made for £50 a-side. This battle was decided upon a stage, at Warwick, on Tuesday, April 19, 1825, after Cannon had been defeated by Jem Ward.

The stage being cleared, both of the above little heroes made their bows to the spectators. Four defeats had not yet satisfied the doubtful mind of Peter, and he was anxious to have a fifth shy towards victory; and the Pet of the Fancy, always ready to accommodate so good a customer, agreed to fight Warren, £100 to £90. The John Bull Fighter and Holt waited upon Curtis; and the Streatham Youth and Barney Aaron officiated for Warren. Curtis, although lighter than in most of his battles, weighing only 8st. 10lbs., was the favourite at 7 to 4, and 2 to 1. Dick, in order to pick up a little blunt, sold his fogles at a guinea a-piece, on the condition that he won, and nothing if he lost. Warren weighed 9st. 7lbs., but he had no friends; and also felt some difficulty in procuring seconds. Such are the chilling effects of being without patronage.

Round First.—On peeling, Dick was much fancied by the Amateurs in general; and Warren likewise showed good condition. The attitudes of both of the combatants were beautiful. Dick, although he had beaten Warren four times, did not treat him with contempt; but, with the utmost caution and science, viewed him as a customer that required serving with some care and attention. The sparring between them was really fine; both in readiness to take advantage of any opening that might offer, to plant a hit. Warren was short in distance at the body; but the Pet, on the contrary, was at home, and planted a heavy one on the Chaunter's jaw, when Dick said ditto, and ditto. In a rally, the counter-hits were excellent on both sides. In closing, Dick fibbed his opponent, and, in going down, fell on him. "This is my Saviour," said the John Bull Boxer, patting Dick on the back; "he is as good as the Bank of England to me."

Second.—Every spectator was delighted with the science displayed by both of the boxers. Warren kept a good look-out, although the claret was troublesome in trickling down his mug. The left hand of the Pet told heavily on Warren's cheek, and his right also damaged Peter's conk. (Loud shouting for Curtis.) Warren, a little angry, rushed in; and, after a few exchanges, in closing, he gave Curtis one of the severest cross-buttocks ever seen—he completely threw Dick over his head: it might have put an end to the battle, as the Pet fell heavily on the stage. "Bravo! well done, Peter," from the spectators.

Third.—Dick, notwithstanding the severity of the last fall, came up to the scratch smiling, and his left hand was again at mischief in Peter's face. "What a beautiful hit!" said Josh.. "I should like to know, Dick, how you do it—why you must be a conjaror—you are a seventh son of a seventh son. Well, never mind; only do that again, and the Half Moon will be right this time!" The caution displayed on both sides delighted the spectators. Warren plunged in to work, and some counter-hitting followed. In finishing the round, Dick threw Peter, and fell on him. 3 and 4 to 1, but no takers.

Fourth.—The Pet soon planted his left hand on Warren's nob, when the latter fought his way into a rally. The fighting was sharp on both sides, and several persons exclaimed, "It is a much better fight than the big one." In closing, Dick threw Peter completely on his back, enough to shake his frame all to pieces. [The Bermondsey boys, the Mossites, the Borough Kids, were uproarious with joy, and offering 7 to 1 on their favourite. "What a nice little fellow," &c.]

Fifth.—Warren must be acknowledged a good fighter and, as a quick counter-hitter, Peter has but few equals. This round was full of fighting on both sides, and Warren raised himself in the opinion of the speators. The left hand of the Pet was rather mischievous, but Peter planted a heavy blow on Curtis' box of ivories, cut his lip also, produced the claret, and gave Dick a heavy fall. ["Well done, Peter," and loud applause.]

Sixth.—The face of the Pet was bleeding, and exhibited the handywork of Peter; but Curtis came smiling to the scratch. A pause; both trying to let fly with advantage. At length Dick took the lead with his left hand, and he nobbed Warren three times in succession without any return. In a rally, the exchanges were truly sharp; both of the combatants doing their duty, and nothing like flinching to be seen. Dick ultimately put in a blow on Warren's nose, that gave him the staggers; also followed him up, and sent Peter down. [Loud cheering, and "It will soon be over!"]

Seventh, and last.—Warren displayed good pluck, and came up to the scratch immediately time was called, but he was piping, and evidently much distressed. The Pet was not long before his left hand almost "knocked a hole in Peter's head;" still Warren was not dismayed, and confusedly fought his way into a rally. Here Dick proved himself quite a hero—his left hand was never out of Peter's face, till he hit him down, quite stupid. "It's all up," was the cry; and when time was called. Peter could not attend to it, and Curtis was proclaimed the victor, in eighteen minutes.

Remarks.—Peter must now be satisfied that he has been beaten against his will, and that he had fair play shown him in every point of view. It was a capital fight, and Warren not only proved himself a good man, but a scientific boxer. The chance was decidedly against Warren, from the beginning to the end; yet the spectators were much pleased with his conduct, as it afforded them the opportunity of viewing science opposed to science. In short, we have had so often to praise Curtis, that we have nothing more to add, than that those boxers who enter the ring with him, must prepare for a good licking. The Pet possesses all the requisites to establish his character as a first-rate boxer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE RATIONAL APES.

The following interesting account of the Pongos, or rational Apes, (is to be met with in the *African Tales*), from Mr. W. Mitchell, a Settler at the Cape of Good Hope, to his friend in England, dated October 1, 1826:—"In my last I related to you all the circumstances of our settlement here, and the prospect that we had of a peaceful and pleasant habitation. In truth, it is a fine country, and inhabited by a fine race of people; for the Kousies, as far as I have seen of them, are a sensible and ingenious race; and Captain Johnstone having secured the friendship and protection of their chief, we lived in the most perfect harmony with them, trafficing with them for oxen, for which we gave them iron and copper in exchange, the former being held in high estimation by them. But, alas! sir, such a fate has befallen to me since I wrote you last, as I am sure never fell to the lot of a human being. And I am now going to relate to you one of those stories which, were it to occur in a romance, would be reckoned quite out of nature, and beyond all bounds of probability; so true is it, that there are many things in heaven and earth that are not dreamed of in our philosophy.

You knew my Agnes from her childhood; you were at our wedding at Beattock, and cannot but remember what an amiable and lovely girl she then was. I thought so, and so did you, at least you said you never had as bonny a bride on your knee. But you will hardly believe that her beauty was then nothing in comparison with what it became afterwards; and when she was going about our new settlement with our little boy in her arms, I have often fancied that I never saw so lovely a human being.

Be that as it may, the Chief Karoo came to me one day, with his interpreter, whom he caused to make a long palaver about his power, and dominion, and virtues, and his great desire to do much good. The language of this fellow being a mixture of Kaffre, High Dutch, and English, was peculiarly ludicrous, and most of all so when he concluded with expressing his lord's desire to have my wife to be his own, and to give me in exchage for her four oxen, the best that I could choose from his herd!

As he made the proposal in presence of my wife, she was so much tickled with the absurdity of the proposed barter, and the manner in which it was expressed, that she laughed immoderately. Karoo, thinking she was delighted with it, eyed her with a look that surpasses all description, and then caused his interpreter to make another palaver to her concerning all the good things she was to enjoy, one of which was that she was to ride upon an ox whose horns were tipped with gold. I thanked the great Karoo for his kind intentions, but declared my incapability to part with my wife, for that we were one flesh and blood, and nothing could separate us but death. He could comprehend no such tie as this. All men sold their wives and daughters as they listed, I was told—for that the women were the sole property of the men. He had bought many women from the Tambookies that were virgins, and had never given above two cows for any of them; and because he desired to have my wife, he had offered me as much for her as would purchase four of the best wives in all the two countries, and that therefore I was bound to give her up to him. And when I told him, finally, that nothing on earth could induce me to part with her, he seemed offended, bit his thumb, knitted his brows, and studied long in silence, always casting glances at Agnes, of great pathos and languishment, which were perfectly irresistible, and ultimately he stuck his spear's head in the ground, and offered me ten cows and a bull for my wife, and a choice virgin to boot, when this proffer was likewise declined, he smiled in derision, telling me I was the son of foolishness, and that *he foretold I should repent it.* Three times he went over this, and then went away in high dudgeon. Will you, Sir, believe, or will any person alive believe, that it was possible I could live to repent this?

My William was at this time about eleven months old, but was still at the breast, as I could never prevail on his lovely mother to wean him and at the very time of which I am speaking, our little settlement was invaded one night by a tribe of those large baboons called ourang-outangs, pougos, or wild men of the woods, who did great mischief to our fruits, yams, and carrots. From that time we kept a great number of guns loaded, and set a watch; and at length the depredators were again discovered. We sallied out upon them in a body, not without alarm, for they are powerful and vindictive animals, and our guns were only loaded with common shot. They fled at the first sight of us, and that with such swiftness that we might as well have tried to catch deer; but we got one close fire at them, and doubtless wounded a number of them, as their course was traced with blood. We pursued them as far as the Keys river, which they swam, and we lost them.

Among all the the depredators, there was none fell but one youngling, which I lifted in my arms it looked so pitifully, and cried so like a child, that my heart bled for it. A large monster, more than six feet high, perceiving that he had lost his cub, returned, brandishing a huge club, and grinning at me. I wanted to restore the brat, for I could not bear the thought of killing it, it was so like a human creature; but before I could do this, several shots had been fired by my companions, at the hideous monster, which caused him once more to take to his heels; but, turning oft as he fled, he made threatening gestures at me. A Kouisi servant that we had finished the cub, and I caused it to be buried.

The very morning but one after Agnes and her black maid were milking our few cows upon the green; I was in the garden, and William was toddling about pulling flowers, when all at once the women were alarmed by the sight of a tremendious ourang outang issuing from the house which they had just left. They seem to have been struck dumb and senseless with amazement, for not one of them uttered a sound, until the monster springing forward in one moment snatched up the child and made off with him. Instead of coming to me, the women pursued the animal with the child, not knowing, I believe what they were doing. The fearful shrieks which they utterred alarmed me, and I ran to the milking-green, thinking the cows had fallen on the women, as the cattle in that district are ticklish for pushing when any way hurt or irritated. Before reaching the green where the cows stood the ourang outang was fully half a mile gone, and only the poor, feeble, exhausted women running after him. For a good while I could not conceive what was the matter, but, having my spade in my hand, followed spontaneously in the same direction. Before I overtook the women I heard the agonizing cries of my dear boy, my darling William, in the paws of the horrible monster. There is no sensation of which the human heart is capable, that can at all be compared with the horror which at that moment seized on mine. My sinews lost their tension, and my whole frame became lax and powerless. I believe I ran faster than usual, but then I fell every mi-nute, and as I passed Agnes fell into a fit. Kela kal, the black girl, with an astonishing presence of mind, had gone off at a tangent, without orders, or without being once once missed, to warn the rest of the settlers, which she did with all expedition. I pursued on breathless, and altogether unnerved with agony; but, alas! I rather lost than gained ground.

I think if I had been fairly started, through desperation I could have overtaken the monster; but the hopelessness of the success rendered me feeble. The truth is that he did not make great speed, not nearly the speed these animals are wont to make, for he was greatly encumbered with the child. You, perhaps, do not understand the nature of there animals—neither do I: but they have this peculiarity, that when they are walking leisurely or running down hill, they walk upright like a human being; but when hard pressed on level ground, or up hill, they use their long arms as forelegs and run with inconceivable swiftness. When flying with their own young, the greater part of them will run nearly twice as fast as an ordinary man, for the cubs cling to them with both feet and hands; but as my poor William shrunk from the monster's touch, he was obliged to embrace him in one paw, and run on three, and still in that manner he outran me. O may never earthly parent be engaged in such a heart-rending pursuit! Keeping still his distance from me he reached the Keys river, and there the last gleam of hope closed on me, for I could not swim, while the ourang-outang, with much acuteness, threw the child across his shoulders, held him by the feet with one paw, and with the other three stemmed the river though then in flood, with amazing rapidity. It was at this dreadful moment that my beloved babe cast his eyes on me as I ran across the plain towards him, and I saw him holding up his little hands in the midst of the foaming flood, and crying "Pa! pa! pa!" which he seemed to utter with a sort of desperate joy at seeing me approach.

Alas! the sight was the last, for in two minutes thereafter the monster vanished with my dear child in the jungles and woods beyond the river, and there my course was stayed; for to have thrown myself in, would only have been committing suicide, and leaving a destitute widow in a foreign land. I had therefore no other resource but to throw myself down, and pour out my soul in lamentation and prayer to God. From this state of hapless misery I was speedily aroused by the sight of twelve of my countrymen coming full speed across the plain on my track. they were all armed and stripped for the pursuit, and four of them, some of which you know, Adam Johnstone, Adam Haliday, Peter Carruthers and Joseph Nicholson, being excellent swimmers, plunged at once into the river and swam across, though not without difficulty and danger, and without loss of time continued the pursuit. All pursuit is in vain.

About three months after this sad calamity, one evening on returning home from my labors my Agnes was missing, and neither her maid servant, nor one of the settlers, could give the least account of her.

The husband is about to attack the native chief who, he thinks, has stolen her. Just when we are on the eve of commencing a war, which must have been ruinous to our settlement, a black servant of Adam Johnstone's came to me and said that I ought not to fight and kill his good chief for he had not the white woman. I was astonished, and asked the Kaffre what he meant, when he told me that he himself had seen her carried across the river by a band of four pongos (ourang-outangs) but he had always kept it a secret, for fear of giving me distress, as they were too far gone when he beheld them. He said they had her bound, and were carrying her gently in their arms; but she was either dead or in a swoon, for she was not crying, and her long hair was hanging down.

About the beginning of last year a strange rumor reached our settlement. It was said that two maids of Kamboo had been out on the mountains of Norroweldt, gathering fruits, where they had seen a pango taller than any Kousi, and that this pango had a beautiful white boy with him, for whom he was gathering the choicest of fruits, and the boy was gamboling and playing around him, and leaping on his shoulders.

This was a piece of intelligence so extraordinary and so much out of the common course of events, that every one of the settlers agreed that it could not be a forgery, and that it behoved us to look after it immediately. We applied to Karoo for assistance, who had a great number of slaves from that country, much attached to him, who knew the language of the place whither we were going, and all the passes of the country. He complied readily with our request, giving us an able and intelligent guide with as many of his people as we chose. We raised in all fifty Malays and Kousis; nine British soldiers, and every one of the settlers that could bear arms went with us; so that we had in all nearly an hundred men the blacks been armed with pikes, and all the rest with swords, guns and pistols. We journeyed for a whole week, travelling much by night, and resting in the shade by day, and at last we came to the secluded district of which we were in search, and in which we found a temporary village, or camp, of one of these independant inland tribes. They were in great alarm at our approach and were apparently preparing for a vigorous resistance; but on our guide, who was one of their own tribe, going up to them, and explaining our views, they received us joyfully, and proffered their assistance.

From this people we got the heart-stirring intelligence that a whole colony of pongos had taken possession of that country, and would soon be masters of it all; for that the Great Spirit had sent them a queen from the country beyond the sun, to teach them to speak and to work and to go to war; and that she had the entire power over them, and would not suffer them to hurt any person who did not offer offence to them; that they knew all she said to them, and lived in houses, and kindled fires like other people, and likewise fought in rank and file; that they had taken one of the maidens of their own tribe to wait upon the queen's child; but because the girl wept, the queen caused her to be set at liberty.

I was now rent between hope and terror—hope that it was my own wife and child, and terror, that they would be torn to pieces by the savage monsters rather than given up. Of this the Lockos (the name of this wandering tribe) assured us we need not to entertain any apprehensions, for that they would, every one of them, die rather than wrong a hair of their queen's head. But that it behoved us instantly to surround them; for if they once came to understand that we were in pursuit, they would make their escape and then the whole world would not turn or detain them.

Accordingly that very night, being joined by the Lockos, we surrounded the colony by an extensive circle, and continued to close as we advanced. By the break of day we had them surrounded. The monsters flew to arms at the word of command, nothing daunted, forming a circle round their camp and queen, the strongest of the males being placed outermost and the females inmost; but all armed alike and having the same demure faces. The circle being so close that I could not see inside. I went with the nine red coats to the top of a cliff that, in some degree, overlooked the encampment, in order that if Agnes really was there, she might understand who was near her. Still I could not discover what was within; but I called her name aloud several times, and in about five minutes after that the whole circle of tremendous brutal warriors flung away their arms and retired backward, leaving an open space for me to approach their queen.

In the most dreadful trepidation I entered between the hideous files, being well guarded by soldiers on either hand, and followed by the rest of the settlers; and there I indeed beheld my wife, my beloved Agnes, standing ready to receive me, with little William in her right hand, and a beautiful chubby daughter in her left, about two years old, and the very image of her mother.

[CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE.]

The New York Clipper,

A WEEKLY SPORTING PAPER,

DEVOTED TO

THE RING, THE TURF, YACHTING, PEDESTRIANISM, CRICKET, ROWING MATCHES, THEATRICALS, MUSIC,

And the various sports of the

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1854.

Harrison Trent, Proprietor. } Frank Queen, Editor

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Answers to Correspondents.

J. A. Cox, South Dedham, Mass.—Your papers have been sent regularly.

C. O. B. K, Portland.—We know of no place where you can procure such works as you mention.

N. B, Buffalo.—Your letter did not come to hand until it was too late to use the contents.

F. G. S., Buffalo.—We do not know that the first volume of the *Clipper* can be had. Perhaps some of our patrons may have a set they would sell. 2 Hyer is not in the best condition at present, probably owing to excesses, as you say.

A Constant Reader, Baltimore.—Neglected to pay his postage.

Regular Reader, Portland, Me.—"1. How many rounds were fought in the battle between Hammer Lane and Sullivan?—and how many rounds were fought *after* Hammer Lane broke his arm? When did the fight take place? I bet that they did not fight fifteen rounds in all, and that they did not fight eleven rounds after the arm was broken." You lose the wager. 19 rounds in all were fought: Lane's arm was injured in the 6th round, and from that out was useless, hanging by his side. The fight took place on the 2d February, 1841.

W. B.—We have no record at hand concerning the early doings of the gray mare Lady Blanche. On the 28th of April, 1853, on the Union Course, she beat Snow Drop and Beppo, to wagon, mile heats. Time: 2.45, 2.45½, 2.46, 2.47½. On the 11th of May, same year, she beat Beppo, to harness. Time: 2.46, 2.51, 2.43 2.43.

John R., Troy.—1. Young Langan fought Goldie, not Jack Langan. 2. The fight between Johnny Broome and Jack Hannan, took place on the 25th of January, 1845, for £500 a side. 47 rounds were fought, in 1 hour and 10 minutes, when Hannan was defeated.

An Englishman, Buffalo.—We admire you for espousing the cause of your countrymen. You are wrong, however, in attributing to us motives which do not exist, except in your imagination, Walker, you have doubtless learned, obtained judgment against Lord Drumlanrig. When you apply the term "scoundrel" to Johnny, you should, at least, if a true Englishman, attach your name to the document containing such language.

Sporter, New York.—Langham has fought six battles, viz: with F. Lowe, D. Campbell, Guttridge, S. Parkes, Orme and Sayer. He was defeated by Orme. 2. Tom Sayer fought four battles, two with Collins, and with Grant and Langham.

Vivian Grey, Buffalo.—Thank you. Will be pleased to have the particulars.

F. S. C. and others, Philadelphia.—Will endeavor to give the required information in our next.

An Irishman.—Dan Donnelly died in Dublin, February 18, 1820.

Monte Cristo.—1. Barlow, a few months since, challenged any man in the United States or Canadas to run him a race of one mile. His challenge was not accepted. 2. Grindell is a new candidate for Pedestrian fame, and with proper care will make a good runner.

Jemmy Trainor's Benefit.

Mr. TRAINOR arrived in this city last week from Boston, where he has been for several months, part of the time confined to his bed by a severe spell of sickness. At the request of his friends, Mr. TRAINOR will give a Sparring Exhibition on MONDAY EVENING NEXT, at the *Second Ward Hotel, corner of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn*, on which occasion many favorite sparrers will appear and set-to. The wind-up will be between Jemmy Trainor and Johnny Mackie. We hope a large audience will be in attendance.

Public Men.

We received a communication a few days since signed "Quinn," Greenwich street, in which the writer takes umbrage at an article published in the Clipper last week in reference to the Williams Complimentary Benefit, and indulges in some rather severe remarks in relation thereto. We cannot blame the writer, for it is such a rarity to see the actions of a foreigner commented upon, that he doubtless thought we had made a mistake, and got hold of the wrong man. The press of this city takes every opportunity to condemn the faults or misdoings of Americans, while it endeavours to hide and screen the faults of those of foreign birth. As a consequence, our own people are continually kept in the back-ground, whilst our friends from "the other side" are cordially taken by the hand, and by cajollery and flattery soon take position in the front ranks. Now is not this the case? We ask honest men, whether native or foreign born, if this is not so? The *New York Clipper* is published in Free America, where a spirit of Independence should, if it does not, pervade all classes of her citizens. Mr. Barney Williams is a public man, and his public actions, notwithstanding his foreign birth, are open to criticism. In stepping aside, as he lately did, from the glorious paths which he had previously been pursuing, and which promised such a brilliant termination, he committed a great error, and is deserving of the severest censure. The press of this city scarcely noticed the *faux pas* he had committed, and endeavoured to treat the subject lightly. A Complimentary Benefit was even tendered Mr. Williams, *previous to his departure for California*—the object seemed transparent enough. The evening came, the theatre, the largest in the city, was crowded, and that, be it remembered, at double prices—many of the performers on the occasion volunteered their services, and yet but the paltry sum of $500 was realized, which Mr. Williams kindly sent to the Herald office, to be given in aid of the Washington Monument.—That but $500 should be the proceeds of *such* a benefit, at *such* a theatre, and at *such* prices, naturally excited our suspicions, and without intending to offend any of our readers, we gave publicity to these suspicions, and *repeat them here*. Can any one of our readers give us a bill of the expenses which would be likely to eat up $2000 or $3000, which sum should have been in the theatre if the tickets had not been *given away*? If so, we will cheerfully publish it, and make the amende honorable; otherwise, we shall believe that the Complimentary Benefit was gotten up *to effect the California market*, &c.

We do not believe our patrons are those who would refuse to sustain us in an independent position, though, as seems to be the case with our correspondent Quinn, there may be some few. To such we have only to say that while regretting we cannot continue to number them among our supporters, we are firmly resolved to pursue an independent course, and to show up the misconduct, the clap-trap and vices of foreigners as well as Americans. We have no fear of the result. We firmly believe the experiment of establishing a truly independent press in this city cannot fail of being successful. It thus receives the patronage of the liberal of all classes and of all nations. It courts the favor of no party, or sect, or people. It treats all alike, and thus becomes a means of exerting a healthful influence in the community. We hope our correspondent, Quinn, will accept this reply in as liberal a spirit as it is given.

The Law on Betting.

An action was tried before Judge Greene, of the first District Court a few days since, to recover a sum of money bet on a horse race. It appears that Nathaniel Smith, the plaintiff, agreed to trot his horse Frank, against the horse Wedge, owned by Mr. Hensdale, the former stakes $25 to $20. The trot came off, and the plaintiff's horse won by a hundred yards, but the judge decided that Mr. Hensdale's horse won on the ground of the bad driving of the other. After the race, the plaintiff asked the stakeholder, E. H. Gould, the defendant in this action, for the $25 staked, which was refused; and on this the action was brought to recover back the money which had been deposited.

The Judge held that, the plaintiff having proved that the money was deposited with the defendant on a wager he was entitled to recover it by the statute, and judgment was given accordingly.

That Philadelphia Muss.

We have received a communication from Philadelphia in reference to the late muss in that city, which goes to show that Mr. Lazarus, referred to in our last, was not in fault, but that the muss originated by Mendoza striking Lazarus, when he, Lazarus, to defend himself against a man 50 lbs. heavier, levelled him with the first thing he could reach. Mendoza, it appears, made certain charges against Lazarus, which the latter pronounced false—hence, the quarrel. What has become of Dick Donnelly all this time? Is he still watching for the M. P.'s? Let us hear from Dick.

Philadelphia, Boston, &c.

Our agents in Philadelphia, Boston, and other cities must excuse us for not supplying the extra order for CLIPPERS last week. The demand in this city was so great as to exhaust our regular, as well as an extra edition on the day of publication.

The Ring in New York.

Another Prize Fight.

MATCH BETWEEN TRAINOR AND MC'DERMOTT.

A match was made on Tuesday evening last, between Jemmy Trainor and Pete McDermott, to fight a Prize Battle, according to the Rules of the London Prize Ring, for the sum of $300 a side. The fight is to take place on Tuesday, the 12th day of September. The men are confined to 112 lbs. Mr. Trainor has fought several good men in England, among whom may be remembered Hoiles, the Spider—this battle was ably contested, 80 rounds having been fought. Jemmy Trainor is a clever young fellow, and is never in want of backers.

McDermott, we believe, has never fought a prize battle. As a sparrer, he possesses many good qualities, and his knowledge of "the art," shows that he has received instructions from one well calculated to give advice on such matters. McDermott's good nature and gentlemanly behaviour, have won him hosts of friends.

Rough and Tumble Again.

FIGHT BETWEEN TWO WOMEN.

Fair stand-up fighting is beginning to lose *caste*, if we may judge by the numerous battles fought on the rough and tumble system. This is not altogether to be wondered at, for the examples of men in high and responsible stations have great influence on the rising generation. The latest battle of the rough and tumble order is detailed below, for which we are indebted to one of our attentive correspondents. The combatants in the fight are known as "Big Moll," and "Spunky Kate." The following is a list of the latest battles fought on the system of "take it as yer kin ketch it:"

Meagher and McMasters, Editors; Poole and Morrissey, Pugilists; Walsh and Seward, Congressmen; "Big Moll" and "Spunky Kate," of the fair sex.

We shall add to this list as fast as battles are fought.

The following are the particulars of the battle of the Fair Sex:

NEW-YORK Aug. 4, 1854.

DEAR CLIP.—As you seem to take a great interest in sporting affairs of all kinds, I thought you might like to have an account of a grand fight which came off last night in Cherry-street, near Franklin-square, between two "*g'hals*" known as "Big Moll" and "Spunky Kate." The amount of stakes I could not ascertain; but be the amount great or small, they were earned bravely.

"Big Moll" was seconded by Biddy Mac, and Peggy Daly did the needful for "Kate." After a few preliminaries in the way of throwing brickbats, paving-stones and other *inoffensive articles*, the women came to the scratch. "Big Moll" was evidently the favorite of the "fancy," and betting stood 5 to 2 on "Moll" and few takers.

Round 1. After some feinting and sparring, "Kate" made a pass with the left which caught "Moll" under the left eye, raising a "mouse" immediately. In attempting to repeat the dose, she received one straight out from the shoulder, which was planted on the flytrap, drawing *first blood* and sending her to "grass." (Great cheering among Moll's party.)

Round 2. On coming to the scratch "Kate's" mug was considerably larger, and "Moll's" left peeper showed signs of a "mouse. "Moll" led off with the right in the old spot, re-opening the claret bottle. She then caught "Kate" by the wool, and holding her at arm's length, pegged her beautifully until "Kate" slipped away from her and fell. (This round occupied 12 minutes.)

Round 3d. and last. Moll seemed exhausted and out of breath, seeing which Kate made a rush for her, caught her by the throat, and was pegging her at a great rate, when Moll's second jumped into the ring and struck at Kate. The fight now became general; the ring was broken in, and after about three minutes fighting, a la "Donnybrook Fair," the referee decided (unjustly as I think,) in favor of Moll. Great confusion now prevailed, Kate swearing she was as "fresh as when she began, and Moll preparing to fight again. After a few minutes' talk, the parties left the ground; all seeming satisfied but the loser and her backers.

REMARKS.

That the decision of the referee was unjust is plainly to be seen. She should have either directed the fight to go on, or adjourn it till next day; but, however, as I am not well "posted up" in the female Fistiana, I suppose the decision is final and binding on all parties. Kate would make a tough customer with one of her own weight, but she was evidently overmatched, as Moll is 3 inches taller, and weighs 21 pounds more than her. I cannot close this without noticing the valuable services of Pat D——, Jim M—— & Co., ring-keepers, who did their duty well and to the satisfaction of all. Some sons of the "Emerald Isle" were in such extacies over the fight, that they declared "'pon their sowls," that it was equal to the palmiest days of "DONNYBROOK FAIR."

Johnny Walker Again.

Bell's Life of the 16th of July says:—"We are creditably informed that the statement made by the defendant's counsel, in the sheriffs court last week, as to Lord Drumlanrig's desire to cast no imputations on Johnny Walker, was made without instructions from the noble defendant; or, rather, we imagine, his Lordship's instructions were not understood. A corresdondent on whom we can rely, and who gives us this information, inquires what is the nature of the funny disease which always attacks the gallant Badman a few days previous to his entering the ring? It is suggested that the attack he had previous to his intended (?) encounter with Hayes was a touch of the old complaint which troubled him when he was matched with Tom Lane, when the noble defendant in the late action, and another hon. gentleman, paid £100 for a postponement for some months, of an engagement which ended with such glorious results to the character of the gallant Johnny."

PEDESTRIANISM.

Foot Race at the Hippodrome.

On Thursday evening, Aug. 3, a foot race took place at the Hippodrome, five prizes being awarded to those persons coming in first. The establishment was not so full as on previous evenings, owing to the fact that a "scramble and scrub" is not worth seeing. Over 100 runners had entered for this affair, 75 of whom started; so our readers can have some idea of the knocking down and dragging out that took place among this *mass of runners*. The winners were as follows: P. Gordon, 1st prize, $50; John McCoy, 2d prize, $30; T. McCoy, 3d prize $14; R. Patterson, 4th prize, $7; P. Connor, 5th prize, $5. Distance, 1¼ mile—Time 7 mitutes 22 seconds.

A race like the above does not afford as much satisfaction as a match in which a less number of competitors engage. Nothing could exceed the excitement of the race on Monday in which but seven entered, and which was finaly contested so manfully by Barlow and Grindell. We hope there will be no more mass races.

Walking Match.

It having been announeed that two prizes, one of $30 and the other of $15, would be given to the two best walkers in a match at the Hippodrome, on Saturday evening last, a large audience assembled to witness the match. Eleven competitors started. The German Stag, John E. Taylor, Wm. Hatred and a lad named Andrew Boyd, brother of the North Star. At the start Hatred led off keeping his position three times round the course, closely followed by the Stag and Taylor, Boyd being next—the others *trotting* along at a round pace in the rear. The Stag took the lead on the fourth round, Taylor after him, Boyed considerably in the rear. Taylor, in an endeavor to beat the Stag, started off into a skip or run, and on reaching the Stag dropped into a walk, but the Stag, not wishing to be outdone by Taylor, imitated his example of propulsion by taking a few turns on the skipping or running system—Boyd all this time falling further in the rear, but *walking fair*. Taylor, on seeing the Stag *run*, also *run*; and thus the *walking* match was contested, alternately one and then the other taking the lead. On the 7th round Boyd, the lad, who had been *walking fair* from the beginning, stopped and was about retiring, when the shouts of the entire assemblage called him back, and he was directed to proceed, which he did, amid the greatest applause. On the 12th round the Stag and Taylor were nearly one circuit of the course ahead of the "Young Walker." The Stag and Taylor were allowed to go 13 times round, and as the lad had nearly reached the Judges' stand the drum was struck, and Boyd, the "Young Walker," was declared, not only by the Judges, but by the entire audience, to have won the first prize, $30. Taylor appealed from the decision, but the disapprobation of the audience was so great that he could not be heard.

By a strict construction of the rules *generally* observed in matches of the kind, no one was actually entitled to a prize; for if Taylor and the Stag *run*, and the lad *left the course*, being distanced, neither competitor could lay claim to having won the match. If the Judges saw the Stag and Taylor running, it was the duty of those Judges to have called upon them to *turn*, and on their refusing so to do, to have excluded them. But the Stag denies having run, and says he was never called upon to turn—if this is true, he should not have been denied a prize. It is also said there was no distance pole.

We have been informed that Mr. Taylor conducted himself in a disgraceful manner, after the match was over, and followed after and made threats against the "North Star," who was present. For his own credit we hope this is not true, but if it is, the "Star" should have called an officer and given him in charge. It is such disorderly conduct that brings the sporting community into disrepute.

Half Mile Foot Race.

Quite an exciting and spirited half mile foot race came off at the Hippodrome, on Monday evening last. There were 27 runners competing for the honor, *and* the prizes. As usual, but few of those who started, stuck it out to the finish. The first prize, $40, was won by Jack Williams, of Brooklyn; the second prize of $20, by Armstrong, and the third, of $10, by James Dorcey. Time, 3 min. 1½ sec.

Scrub Race.

On wednesday evening Aug. 2, a Scrub race took place at the Hippodrome. Ten outside horses started their riders being ousiders also. Three of the riders were thrown, affording much amusement to the boys. Enchantress and Snowball came in a head, the first receiving $75, the second a sadle and Bridle worth $25.

That Half Mile Challenge.

Having noticed in last week's Clipper, a challenge from James Dorcey, to run any of the runners at the late races at the Hippodrome, a half mile race, the undersigned will accept Mr. Dorcey's challenge, and by leaving a deposit at the "Clipper Office," a match can be made. W. BARLOW.

P. S.—Mr. Parcell can also be accommodated. W. B.

Pat Gordan and Jack Williams.

These pedestrians met at our office on Monday last, and partially agreed as to the terms, distance, &c. We shall probably be able to give full particulars in our next.

Rural Sports at Cape May.

Our sporting friends at Cape May not wishing to be behind the age in the way of sports, have been treating the sojourners at that celebrated Watering Place to a Sack Race. The race took place on the lawn in front of Congress Hall, on Monday, and was witnessed by a large audience. At the hour appointed, two black men were conducted on the lawn, and two long sacks or grain bags being procured, the colored gentlemen were soon sacked, only the head of each being visible. On the signal being given, away they went, jumping, and pitching, and rolling, each one striving to gain the goal ahead. Oh! it was glorious fun—the ladies of the bon ton sporting their blunt without a thought of the consequences—the gentlemen doing the same. Such excitement, such fun was never before seen on the island. It was the best thing of the season. The race was finally won by Joe Colhosey, we think they called him, who made a good thing by it. A collection was also taken up for the losing man, George Frederick Wilkinson, if we remember the name correctly, who seemed highly delighted, as did everybody on the island. Nothing like sport to please the ladies at the Watering Places.

Walking Match at Fairmount.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 1, 1854.

MR. FRANK QUEEN—

DEAR SIR—A walking match took place here this morning, between L. M. J. and W. W. H., two amateur pedestrians of our city, around the top of the reservoir at Fairmount. The distance walked was six miles, which was accomplished by J. in 63 minutes, and by H. in 63 minutes and 34 seconds; during which time they had to walk 12 times around the basin and 1836 feet besides, the distance around being 2487 feet.

The weather was oppressive, and the men were not under training at the time; considering which, and the fact also that at the end of the performance they did not appear exhausted or unable to have gone further was it not what might be called pretty fast walking?

H. W.

[For Amateurs the walking was good. —ED. CLIP.]

Walking 48 Hours.

PHILA., *August* 3, 1854.

CHALLENGE.—I, F. F. of Philadelphia, will walk 48 consecutive hours for a bet of $250 or $300. Any one wishing to take the bet, can hear more of me, by addressing a line to F. F., care of Thos. Scroggy, No. 443 Vine Street, Philadelphia.

N.B.—The bet must be closed and the money put up, before the 20th day of August, at which time the terms can be specified, the judges appointed, and arrangements made for the walk.

F. F.

Rifle-Shooting.

TROY, N. Y., Aug 7, 1854.

To the Editor of the New-York Clipper.

I reply to Mr. Chapman's letter published a short time since, concerning the late rifle-match between Mr. James, of Utica and myself. In it he boasts very much of Mr. James, both in rifle-making and shooting. I now tell Mr. Chapman I want to have a fair test of Mr. James' rifles, and science in shooting; for in the late match I deny there was either of the above.

The public is not satisfied, and I therefore call on Mr. James to come out in a fair and manly way and match me two matches, one off-hand, the other at rest, for two hundred dollars a side—the off-hand match to be shot at thirty rods, a twenty shot string. The rest match to be shot at forty rods, forty shots. Neither to use a rifle with a barrel weighing over eleven pounds. I believe that is what is called a medium size rifle, for either target or turkey shooting, and is as heavy a rifle as any man would wish to carry around.

In the shooting of those matches, each man is to do his own shooting and engineering, and load his own rifle. That will give the science and rifles a fair test. Shooting regular cannons, weighing from eighteen to twenty pounds, against common size sporting rifles, as was used in the late match, is no test at all.

If these matches are accepted, half the above sum to be placed in the hands of some responsible man in Fonda, N. Y., on or before the first of September next, and the match to come off at Fonda, N. Y., the 12th of September next.

Mr. James may accept one or both of these matches.

The shooting to be done with plain globe sights.

I hope Mr. James will come out without any excuse, whatever, like a man, and give a fair test. Then I will be satisfied. I want ten days notice before the forfeit is to be put up, and after those matches come off, I will bind myself to test a Rifle with the barrel weighing from eighteen to twenty pounds if Mr. James pleases, such as was shot in our last match against me.

Yours, obedient, N. LEWIS.

TROY, N. Y., Aug. 7, 1854.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW-YORK CLIPPER.—A false report has been circulated through the different papers that John Clark, of Albany, and myself were to shoot a match at G. Crane's, on the Troy and Albany Road. I made no match, nor authorised any one to make any match of the kind within the last twelve months. I made a match with Clark a year or two since, to come off at G. Crane's, who also held the forfeit, which was only ten dollars a side.

I was on the ground the day appointed; Clark did not appear, and Clark was not the man to give up the forfeit, after I waited all day for him. This forfeit was put up with the agreement that if either man did not appear, the forfeit was to be handed over to the man that come, to pay him for his trouble. Now if Clark will hand me the forfeit like a man, I will then match him any time he may appoint between the 22d of this month and the first of next month—the match to come off at G. Crane's.

Your obedient,
N. LEWIS.

Canine Sports, &c.

Dog Fight in Buffalo.

A great dog fight came off in Buffalo last week for $100 a side, between the celebrated dog "Rough," and the no less celebrated dog "Brave," the former owned by George Humphrey, and the latter by Mike Riley; neither dog to exceed 50 lbs. The Lockport dog, Brave, was the favorite at 10 to 8, and after 5 minutes fighting 10 to 5 was freely offered; but to the surprise of the friends of the dog Brave, George's dog, Rough, was declared the winner in the short space of 14 minutes. After the fight there was some discussion to the effect that Riley's dog did not get fair play, and they did not intend to give up the money, but upon good proof being produced, the "Brave" party concluded they were in the wrong. The dog Rough was very little hurt, and was able to travel home, but the dog Brave was so much injured that he died at 6 o'clock the following morning. A great deal of money changed hands on this fight, and the knowing ones were taken in.

Sparring in Philadelphia.

Charley Pitt intends giving a grand Sparring entertainment at Franklin Hall, Sixth Street below Arch, on Tuesday evening next, (Aug. 15th.) Some clever work may be expected, as all the tip-toppers have promised to attend. Charley is always willing to lend a hand on such occasions, and we have no doubt he will be liberally supported.

Sparring Exhibition.

A Sparring Exhibition for the benefit of James Winterfield, alias the German Stag, the Pedestrian, will take place at Coblenger's Hall, Ludlow street, opposite Essex Market, on Monday evening next. The principal sparrers at present in the city have promised their aid to render the exhibition interesting. Tickets only 25 cents. We hope the friends of the Stag will give him a lift on the occasion by patronising his benefit.

Crowded Out.

The great length of the report of the battle between Paddock and Jones, has crowded out much other interesting matter. Our correspondents will please notice this.

☞ Communications from Flints, Reindeer, and others, are unavoidably postponed until next week. Reindeer makes some startling disclosures in reference to the late yacht race on the Delaware.

Clippers Wanted.

Should any of our Agents have any of last week's Clippers on hand, we would be pleased to purchase them.

Paddock and Jones.

Read the report in this week's Clipper of the Great Fight between Tom Paddock and Aaron Jones. It will well repay perusal.

Great Cricket Match.

In our next will be published the full particulars of the great Cricket Match played on the 17th July, between the Gentlemen and Players of England.

American Cricket Match.

A cricket match has been made between eleven residents of Newark and the same number of residents of New-York, all natives of the United States. The match was to have been played on the ground of the New-York Cricket Club at Hoboken on Wednesday. The following are the names of the players:—

Newark—Messrs. Wurts, Hodges, Smith, Tregear; Barker, Halstead, Ward, Sayre Bragg, Van Houten and Williams.

New-York—Messrs. Le Gal, Ranney, Clark, Shonnard, Taylor, Leppinwell, Addy, Elgin, Brown and J Emmett.

THE TURF.

UNION COURSE, L. I.—TROTTING—*Monday*, Aug. 7.—Match for $1,000, mile heats, to wagons.

H. Woodruff's g. g. Mark Maguire, 1 1
W. Wheelan's s. g. Huguenot.....2 2

TIME—FIRST HEAT.

First quarter.....0 39½
Half mile.....1 22
Mile.....2 43½

SECOND HEAT.

First quarter.....0 43
Half mile.....1 24
Mile.....2 47

Very large amounts were staked by the parties on this race. Mark had the call at 100 to 70, and won the race without a struggle.

Aquatic Sports on the Delaware.

NUMBER SEVEN.

THAT REGATTA.—THE CRACK YACHT AND PET SKIFF EMMA VICTORIOUS.—RARE SPORT IN PERSPECTIVE.

OUR CORNER, PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 6th, 1854.

DEAR CLIP.—The regatta of Monday last was decidedly the *eye-opener* of the season. The following boats entered: Skimmer, Belle, Morris, Dickerson, Morrison, Post-boy, Shiffler and Thomson. A glorious start was effected at 10 hours 30 min. precisely, from Point Airy; "sweet confusion" predominating. A full band of jews-harps, belley thorps, and gangreanoes, struck up the pathetic air of the "devil take the hindmost" as the "things of life" drew out from under the mud. And the star spangled banner floating out from a-loft, gracefully waved them a parting adieu. How the heart of each and every sailing master swelled within him, on this great and glorious occasion, as he beheld with inexpressible pride, what character, dignity, and cast this *grand spectacle* reflected upon the boating world. Ay! 'twas a sight so vividly brilliant, that all else was clothed in a pall of Egyptian *darkness*.

We shall not pretend to follow up the race, but be content to note the *leading* features, and grand finale. The Belle, Capt. LeSyea, though the last off, soon took the lead, holding it to the powder wharf, when the Skimmer, Capt. Weaks, stepped in for first chance. The race in fact may be said to have laid between those two boats, as the others were left completely in the background from the word go. We were somewhat astonished to find the hitherto *forward* Morris, (Capt. Brynan,) so modest and coy on this occasion. The pot was open—it only required the ambition, animal energy, and *two pair of oars* to win it. And yet the Morris, like the Skimmer and Belle, was too fastidious and aristocratic to "go in." The Belle and Skimmer after contesting every foot of the way, turned the buoy almost together, the balance of the fleet being "no whar." Ebb tide had just began to cant down, the wind died out with the sun, and a dish of nothing and no turnips was the order. When we last saw the racers at sundown, they were situated as follows:—Belle, No. 1, to the eastward of Tinicum well up with the North Spit, and about 3 miles ahead of the Skimmer, who unwittingly crossed the strong tide, and was lying close under the Pennsylvania shore, above Darby Creek; Morris holding *all she had* on the middle ground. Shiffler, Postboy, and Thomson, on the upper end of Chester Island, and the Morrison to leeward of the Spit. As soon as night shut in, it became necessary for the Shiffler, Postboy and Thomson to go to town, which they did, propelled by a splendid *white ash* breeze.

The Belle came too at Point Airy, at 2 o'clock 48 min., Skimmer, 4 h. 5 min., and Morris 4 h. 56 min. The Dickerson, Capt. Right, having forfeited her chance in the race by the *improper disposal* of a man, returned to town before night. Johnny was *soon*, at least sooner than the rest by about 8 to 14 hours, a good *supper*, and a sound sleep—we call that enough.

At a meeting of the Sailing Masters on Tuesday evening, it was agreed that each boat get her money back. Thus ended the first regatta of the season, a more superb humbug, never was set *afloat*. Reindeer's presence would have made it sublime.

The Emma and Ida got off on Wednesday, with a splendid breeze from S. West; the latter boat leading off; at Canal wharf, however, the Emma became No. 1, and held this position until within 300 yards of the buoy when the Ida regained her position, passing around two length's ahead. It was soon apparent the "Big one" had the heels of it with the wind free; she gradually drew ahead, winning the first heat by 4 minutes, 12 seconds. The wind had now freshened considerably, which materially helped the "Little one's" chance. When off Githen's Cove, flood tide made; soon after, the Emma passed her adversary, proving her superior qualities as a sailer against wind and tide. She turned the buoy in fine style, and came up first boat 11 minutes 21 seconds, thereby winning the second heat by 15 minutes 33 seconds.

Another race is to come off between these boats in a week or so, single heat, around the spar buoy off Hog Island. Tis pretty generally believed the Ida will win it *easy*.

The Emma and Will Morris are to sail a match for $50 on Monday next, around the buoy or the lower spit of Finicum. The Morris gives the Little one time for difference in length. Reindeer or any other boat can be accommodated on the same terms.

The great race between the Keyser and Wilcox, has at last been brought to a focus. At present we will be content to give you a brief account of it,—we are too heartily disgusted, to enter into particulars just now. The boats got off at 10 o'clock, 7 min.; Keyser to windward, wind north, light and baffling, flood tide.

At the lower end of Smith's Island, the boats gibed over, taking the wind out to the eastward. 11¼ o'clock, off the Horse Shoe, young ebb, light draft of air from S. West, Wilcox took the lead. 12 o'clock, off Red Bank, and freshening; Keyser dropping astern fast. 12½ o'clock, off the light house; Wilcox ½ mile ahead. 10 o'clock, off Billingport, the Keyser having started all her ballast, commenced closing up the hole fast; a few stretches sufficed to bring the latter boat close up under the leading boat's stern; two more judicious *hunks*, and the Keyser is ahead. The excitement is now intense, and the steamboat excursionists are punching each others heads in the most *cordial* and scientific manner. The partizans of each boat, investing their piles freely.

1¼ o'clock off Thomson's point. Keyser ¼ mile ahead. The Wilcox was now getting quib of her *pebble stones* in double quick time, and she began to move off more lively. The Keyser, however, was now doing her best work, and it was apparent that without the wind increased she *must* win the race. (We do not mean to say that it was all cut and dried a week ago, that this was to be the case, oh no.) But we do mean to say that the Keyser is the fastest boat in the world in a light buffling air—who doubts it.

2 o'clock, off the uppor end of Chester island; the Wilcox took to the eastward, the Keyser to the westward; but your money boys, the Wilcox has her. Bierly has rather out-generaled the fish town miracle.

2½ o'clock, off Marcus-hook. Wilcox ahead; huzza for the "down towner;" what a nice time to invest; the thing is *certain* now. Did any one hear any thing *drap* about this time?

5 minutes to 3 o'clock, both boats went round the buoy together; the betting is *spirited*, and the blood at fever heat. Just before the boats reached the buoy, a puff of wind, that would scarcely have blown a candle out, jumped into the Keyser's sails, and came within an ace of *spilling* her. Off and gone is the caper, and free the sheet,—the boats are homeward bound. The boats pass and repass each other,—and the "bubs" on board of the steamers accompanying the race, punch and repunch each other; what a glorious race, what a fat time.

As the yachts near home it becomes important for the *Keyser* to be ahead, and at Red Bank, she has succeeded in placing ¼ of a mile of water between her and the Wilcox. It may be ignorance on our part, but we did not know the Wilcox sailed *best* with the wind abeam, with only two feet of hemp between her main sheet blocks. Bah! The Keyser wins the race by ½ mile, arriving at 8 o'clock.

Look out for a full report on the morrow. We are at present writing from our boat room and must necessarily be brief. Yours truly, FLINTS.

Hicks and the Spider.

Jack Hicks says he cannot accommodate the Spider at 8st, but if the latter means match-making, he will fight him at 8st 4lb, the same weight at which he fought Walker; or he will fight any one else from 8st 4lb to 8st 7lb, or Curley Perry, of Birmingham, at 8st 8lb.

The Ring in England.

Gallant and Determined Mill between Tom Paddock and Aaron Jones, for one hundred pounds a side.

From Bell's Life, July 16.

The contest between these big ones is to take place on the Home Circuit, on Tuesday. The final deposit of £10 a side was made at Alec Keene's, on Thursday, in the presence of a tolerable muster of the right sort. There was no betting, the fanciers of Aaron Jones wanting 3 to 1, which Paddock's friends did not feel themselves justified in laying. Paddock is bang up to the mark, he has been training under Alec Keene's Dando at Brighton, and will not exceed 11st 9lb on the morning of fighting—Aaron Jones is also very fit; he has been taking his final breathings under the surveillance of Jerry Noon. There is scarcely any excitement as to this fight, which may be accounted for by the little confidence the public have in the capabilities of Jones, and certainly his former performances have not been such as to gain for him a very high position. He is now, however, in better hands than he has hitherto been, and is opposed to a man whom he has decidedly "bested" in several glove encounters. He is very confident, and says that if Paddock expects to meet with an easy job he will find himself egregiously mistaken. We trust that both men may go well to the ground, and that there will be no shifting or delay on either side, and if Jones only does as well without the mufflers as he can do with them, the public and the Corinthian patrons of the P. R. may reckon upon a first rate encounter. At any rate, we can assure them it will be worth their while to attend and witness the mill.

From the same, July 23.

In our last we informed our readers of the preliminaries which had been settled, and the arrangement which had been made for bringing this passage of arms to a satisfactory conclusion. We at the same time hinted that although doubts had been cast upon the character of Jones as a glutton in the receipt of punishment, our readers must not be surprised if he turned out a better man than was supposed, and gave Paddock a tougher job than he anticipated. We are glad to be enabled to state that our impressions have been fully realised, and that Jones, although a beaten man, has completely obliterated all traces of even the *quill* of a white feather, and has proved himself one of the gamest and most perseveing boxers of the present day. We must, however, defer any further panegyric until we have laid before our subscribers a truthful record of the chivalric doings of Tuesday last. Alec Keene and another backer of Paddock chartered the well-known "millers" craft, Waterman 7, which vessel was moored off North Woolwich, to await the arrival of the half-past nine o'clock train from Shoreditch. A high price was charged for admission to all but the men and their backers, seconds, and the ring-keepers, and thus the company on board, although numerous, was kept quite respectable. There were several opposition vessels, including the Waterman I, which was hired by "Admiral Cooldy," of fried fish and bread notoriety, and which took down a large party of East Enders, Israelites and Cheapsiders. These pirates, although they wanted to pick up stragglers, and consequently did not start until long after the legitimate vessel, contrived to reach the trysting place (a well-known spot in the neighborhood of Greenhithe) just before the fight commenced, and their passengers, by their pushing propensities, and their unwillingness to submit to control, managed to render the keeping of the ring not a little difficult, even to a determined set of constables, but to such a bevy of inner ring keepers as was assembled on Tuesday a task of almost impossibility. The apathy of Mr. Adams, the inspector, and many of his subordinates, indeed was a temptation to many persons to intrude into the inner ring, and perhaps the spectators were less to blame than those to whom the preservation of order was entrusted. The following is a list of the constables who officiated:—Adams, Young Reed, Hannan, Mike Madden, Tom Sayers, Spider, Dan Collins, Nat Langham, Young Sambo, and Joe Rowe. Of these the most active were Collins and Tom Sayers (especially to be commended) Spider, and Mike Madden. The rest stood calmly looking on at the fight, and in one or two instances we observed these men actually tending the combatants, and offering their advice, instead of minding their duty, while Harry Adams, who fought Spider and others who was present, was permitted by the Inspector and his coadjutors to remain within the inner ring—using the most atrocious language and threats to Aaron Jones—although we and other members of the committee of the association had given repeated orders that he should be turned out. This Adams is a cowardly young ruffian, and if he does not conduct himself better in future, is likely to meet with a less ceremonious reception than he bargains for. Of the inspector, and those of his men who are to blame, we can only say, that a decision has been *come to among* the committee (there not being a dissenting voice) that unless matters are *mended* hereafter, it shall be in the option of ourselves, assisted by any of the committee who may be present, either to withhold all payment for services, or to make such reduction as may be thought proper. Ring keepers, when on service must have no friends

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Bell's Life, July 16.

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Jones had taken his exercises at Newbridge, and on the Curragh, in Ireland, finishing near Shrewsbury, under Jerry Noon; and we may state, upon the best authority—that of the surgeon who attended him, and of a Corinthian admirer of the sport—that, less than a fortnight before the fight, he was confined to his bed with a serious illness of an organic nature, for three days, and that it was thought he would not be able to come to the scratch unless a postponement was obtained, and letters were even written to us and to the backers of Paddock, offering a considerable sum for a weeks' grace; these letters, however, Jones would not allow to be forwarded, and by indomitable pluck he succeeded, after rising from his sick bed, in getting himself into something very like prime twig, the only perceptible fault being, as we have before observed, too much flesh. To this may be added the sudden weakness which seized him after the first hour's fighting. Jones won the toss for corners, and of course took the vantage ground, but as the sun's rays at the commencement were nearly perpendicular, there was little, if any, superiority. The heroes commenced their toilettes as quickly as possible, and were not long in getting themselves into battle array. Paddock, after an ineffectual attempt to lay out a tenner with his opponent, offered to back himself at 2 to 1, but there being no response, was compelled reluctantly to replace the flimsy in his clie.

Before proceeding to detail the battle, a few words as to the antecedents of Jones may prove interesting. The doings of Paddock must be fresh in the minds of our readers, seeing that they were duly set forth in the account of his last mill with Harry Poulson of Nottingham, early in the present year. We must refer those who did not read that interresting history to the pages of *Fistiana*, in which they are fully set forth. Jones's previous doings, being of a somewhat more peculiar nature, require further notice at our hands. Aaron Jones, who stands 5 feet 11½ or thereabouts, was born on the 3d of March, 1831, and not in 1829, as stated in *Fistiana*. He is, therefore, but a little over twenty-three years of age. His first encounter was with Harry Orme in December, 1849, when he was but eighteen years of age, and when, after a tedious battle of two hours and 45 minutes, during which forty rounds were fought, Orme was declared the conqueror. Jones was then a mere boy, and therefore but little estimate could be formed of his powers. In the ensuing September he fought and beat the veteran Bob Wade, after a slashing battle of 60 minutes and 43 rounds. He now disappeared from the fistic world until the commencement of 1852, when he again took it into his head to try conclusions with Harry Orme, and a fresh match was made for £100 a side; but this battle, which took place on the 10th of May, 1852, tended little to improve his character as a pugilist, especially as neither Jones nor his friends took any pains to put the matter in its proper light until the past week. It will be recollected that a few rounds were fought at Bourne Bridge, not very far from Six Mile Bottom, Jones getting one or two heavy hits on the ribs; the police interfered and a move took place to Newmarket Heath, where a few more rounds were fought, in which the supremacy of Jones was very perceptible; but still there was a lack of that fearlessness which betokens the true British boxer. Here again the "blues" made their unwelcome appearance, and a further move was necessary. The referee named a third place of meeting, on reaching which no powers of persuasion could induce Jones to renew the contest, although he had had all the best of it in the second ring. The referee gave him half an hour to consider of his intention, but, being over persuaded by Mr. Ledger and others, he positively refused to, and after his determination, and the referee had no alternative but to declare Orme the winner, and hand him the stakes. This affair, for a time, completely put Jones under a cloud; all sorts of constructions being put upon his conduct, some declaring him to be devoid of pluck, and others hinting at some stronger motive power than cowardice. Some Corinthian patrons of the P. R., however, were unwilling to believe that Aaron was as black as he was painted and took him in hand; he went to live as an attendant upon an officer in Ireland, where he has remained up to the present match, which was made for him by those who trusted him. Jones has, since Tuesday, reconciled the two different aspects which his conduct has presented in his two last battles in a satisfactory manner. He declares, and has given us strong proofs that his declaration is true, that for two days prior to his fight with Orme he suffered from constant diarrhœa, and that during the whole night before the mill he was scarcely in bed an hour. This so weakened and reduced him that he did not weigh eleven stone in his clothes when he entered the ring, and of course felt but little inclination or strength to contend with so hardy an adversary as Orme, especially after the visitation on his ribs in the first ring. The frequent interruptions by the police naturally harressed him a great deal, and when Mr. Ledger desired him not to fight in the third ring he was but too glad to avail himself of the permission. He assures us he never cared for punishment, and that he feels satisfied that if well and fit, he is more than a match for either Orme or Paddock whenever he may meet either of them again. That he is now, at any rate, a perfect glutton, the following account of his doings will amply testify. That he is a match for either Orme or Paddock is a point yet to be determined; but whenever he meets either of them again, his adversary must look out for squalls. All being in readiness, the colors tied to the stakes, and a few bets of 3 to 1 on Paddock deposited in the hands of the referee, at eleven minutes to one "time" was called, and the heroes commenced.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On assuming the perpendicular it was evident that Jones was the taller and better made man of the two. He was, as we have stated, in excellent condition, but his skin was of a more delicate appearance than that of his hardier adversary, and, taking him altogether, he did not seem capable of undergoing so much wear and tear. There was a good humored smile on his mug, and a look of confidence about his brow, which we never recollect witnessing in his former encounters. His attitude was not ungraceful, and barring the delicate appearance above alluded to, he was the beau ideal of a twelve stone man. Tom Paddock, the rough and ready Tom, was as ever—hardy and resolute; he, too, was evidently confident, and, indeed, to judge from his looks, one would have thought the contest already over. Although the smaller and lighter man, his frame was very compact, and the exhibitions he had given in former encounters of his dauntless courage and powers of endurance, coupled with the doubt as to the soundness of Jones's heart, rendered him the favorite at 3 to 1—odds freely offered before a hand was held up. After the usual daddle shaking the seconds retired to their corners, and the affray at once begun. Paddock, anxious to be at work, without any preliminaries, led off left and right, catching Jones with the latter on the *os frontis*. Jones quickly returned with his left on the proboscis, and, smiled, as if to say, "You had it there." Paddock now made another dash, and planted his left heavily on Aaron's cheek. Some wild exchanges followed, left and right, in which each displayed more anxiety than judgment, and they then broke away. Paddock again made his left on Jones's left cheek twice in succession, leaving pretty plain marks of his handiwork. He tried a third time, but was short, and Jones returned with great quickness on his snout. After Jones had neatly stopped a one, two, on the part of Paddock, they closed, and both rolled over. Paddock under.

2. Paddock let go his left, which reached Aaron's left listener. Another attempt with the same mawley was too high, and a third was prettily stopped. He persevered, but Jones met him with a left-handed spank on the left eyebrow. This brought them to in-fighting, in which no mischief was done. Jones ultimately closed, threw his man in good style, and fell on him.

3. Jones came up all smiles, but Paddock did not give him a chance of taking the initiative, for he rattled in left and right, but was well stopped. He shortly after succeeded in landing his right on Aaron's ribs, and sent his left over Jones's shoulder. He then bored in, but Jones quickly jumped back, and, as Paddock pursued him, closed, and again was Paddock thrown, Jones being evidently the stronger man and the better wrestler.

4. Paddock made his left, and then his right, heavily on Aaron's left ogle. A ding dong rally ensued, in which Jones drew *first blood*, by a heavy smack on Tom's smeller. They then closed, and some severe fibbing took place at close quarters, Jones getting it on the forehead and Paddock on the ribs. In the end both were down.

5. Jones's left peeper was in mourning from Paddock's one two, in the previous round. Paddock grinned derisively, and at once went to work, but was beautifully stopped. A second attempt was more successful and reached Aaron's damaged optic. Jones returned with both hands, catching Tom on the nozzle and left cheek. A close followed and both went down.

6. Paddock opened the proceedings, but was again stopped, Jones evidently having all his wits about him. Paddock tried again without precision, and Jones caught him with his right on the side of the nut, and Paddock fell.

7. Paddock led off, but Jones countered him heavily on the nose; Paddock returned the compliment with a heavy left-hander on the same organ, from which the tap was turned on. Jones now missed his left, and delivered his right on the side of the head heavily, inflicting a deep cut, and drawing the cochineal. He closed, and after some slight fibbing, threw and fell on Paddock.

8. Jones led off, nailed Tom heavily on the left eyebrow with his right, closed at the ropes, and hung on Tom until the latter got down.

9. Paddock looked unutterable things at finding Jones was not the easy customer he had expected; he rushed in, and banged his left on to Aaron's snout, between the peepers, with great force. Jones, nothing daunted, retaliated on the neck and left side of the brainpan, which led to a rally in favor of Jones, and Paddock was down, Jones going to his corner, laughing.

10. Paddock led off, but was again stopped; Jones at once closed, threw, and fell heavily on him.

11. Paddock let fly his left, but was short; he got closer, but was stopped, and got another right-handed crack on the side of his nut, but too far round to do much harm. Jones then got home on the larboard peeper, making a cut, and drawing more of the homebrewed. Some tremendous exchanges followed, Jones receiving on the left ogle, and Paddock on the side of the head. In the end Jones won the second event by knocking Tom off his legs with a right-hander on the left brow. *First knock down* for Jones. The layers of 3 to 1 began to look blue, and even money would have been taken, but there were no layers.

12. Jones's left optic was completely closed. He went in warily, and after some slight exchanges, slipped down.

13. Jones let go his left, which went over Tom's shoulder; with his right he was more successful, and reached Tom's left eye heavily. Paddock was out of distance with his return, and Jones again slipped down.

14. Paddock led off, but was prettily stopped left and right. Jones immediately returned on the left temple, closed, and again threw Paddock heavily, and fell on him.

15. On getting together some good exchanges took place, Paddock reaching Aaron's snuff-box, and Jones being at home on the ivories. Jones let go his left, and was stopped; with his right he tapped at the side of Tom's cranium, and in getting back slipped down.

16. Jones dashed in, got home heavily on Tom's left ear, and the latter sought mother earth.

17. Jones forced the fighting, dashing out his left and right, the latter heaviest, on the side of Tom's occiput, and Tom in getting away fell against the centre stake.

18 Paddock opened the ball with his left on Aaron's left cheek, and again on the left peeper; Jones returned on the side of the head. Some tremendous exchanges followed, and Jones then closed, threw Paddock a beautiful back fall, and fell heavily on him.—[We learn subsequently that in this round, Jones severely injured his left shoulder, which greatly incapacitated him for mischief in the succeeding rounds. The damage moreover was not improved by the unscientific manner in which he was handled by Jerry Noon, who carelessly lifted him by this arm, and gave it an additional twist.]

19. Jones again went in, delivered both hands on the *os frontis*, and pegged away merrily until Tom fell, looking as wild as a Bashi-bazouk.

20. Aaron came up smiling, but not bumptious. He again led off, and Paddock, in getting out of harm's way, caught his heel and fell on his crupper.

21. Jones dashed in, nailed Tom on the nozzle and left brow; his left hand delivery lacked force, but the right was too hot to be pleasant. Paddock being receiver-general, wisely got down.

22. Jones, again at work, caught Tom on the left cheek. Paddock returned on the left peeper, and after receiving a little one on the left brow dropped.

23. Paddock, by way of a change, led off, and nailed Aaron on the left cheek, which was now much swollen. Jones missed his return, which went over Tom's left shoulder, and Tom fell through the ropes.

24. Jones planted his left on Tom's left brow, but there was no steam in the hit. Paddock, however, slipped down, but jumped up instantly to renew the round. Jones, who was in his second's arms, freed himself, and to it they went. After some slight exchanges, Jones caught Tom round the neck, and in swinging him round both fell.

25. Paddock popped in his left on Aaron's much damaged optic; Jones returned slightly on the side of the head, and in going down, narrowly escaped a visitation from Tom's right.

26. Jones dashed in his left on the snout, drawing a fresh supply of nectar; he then closed, and both fell, after a short struggle, Paddock being under.

27. Jones rattled in, caught Tom a little one on the brow, closed, threw Tom again heavily, and fell on him. Paddock, as they lay on the ground, patted his adversary in a patronising way, as much as to say, "You'll do in time, my lad."

28. Jones broke ground by popping in both hands, but they were mere fly blows. In trying to improve his position, he over-reached himself and fell.

29. Paddock, tired of being a chopping-block, dashed in, but missed with both hands. They quickly got at it, and, after some rattling exchanges, in favour of Paddock, both were down, Paddock under.

30. Jones missed with his left, his right was too round, and reached the back of Tom's neck. He tried it again, missed and fell.

31. Paddock let go his left, but missed, and Jones followed his example twice in succession. Paddock then caught Aaron heavily on the forehead with his right, and Jones fell.

32. Jones dashed in with his right, but the blow was not straight, and fell on the back of Tom's neck; he then rushed to a close, and both rolled over.

33. Paddock at once commenced proceedings, by delivering his left on Jones's good ogle (the right), and Jones fell.

34. Paddock once more led off, and for the second time reached Aaron's dexter squinter, which instantly showed signs of following suit with his left. A few exchanges, without any apparent mischief, followed, and in the close both were down, Paddock under.

35. Paddock, anxious for business, went to work, caught Aaron on the left eye, and then on the right, heavily. Slight exchanges followed, and Paddock then slipped down.

36. Jones for once resumed the lead, and caught Tom heavily on the bread-basket with his right. Paddock, who looked black as Erebus, returned heavily on the left optic, which led to some wild exchanges, and in the end Jones fell.

37. Paddock delivered a stinger on the conk with his left, and Jones got down weak.

38. Jones went to work, nailed Tom on the side of the nut heavily, received a little one on the left cheek, and returned the compliment on Tom's left temple, and then Jones got down.

39. Paddock delivered his left and right, but without perceptible damage, and in a close both fell.

40. Jones lunged out with his right (his left he appeared to make no use of) and caught Tom on the ribs twice in succession. Tom returned on the side of his nut, and Jones again got down.

41. Jones let go his left and right, the latter hardest, on the side of Tom's knowledge box, and, as Paddock rushed at him, got down.

42. Paddock this time made a start, and planted his left on the forehead of his game opponent, who instantly fell.

43. Both rushed simultaneously to work, and, after some wild lunges, in which there was more show than mischief, Paddock tumbled over.

44. Paddock at once went to his man, caught him on the left peeper, and Jones, after returning on the side of the neck with his right, fell.

45. Jones was short in his attempts to lead off, and napped a heavy nose-ender, which induced him to get down.

46. Paddock made his left heavily on the mazzard, and Jones again dropped, narrowly escaping a heavy upper-cut from Tom's right.

47. Jones, steady and determined, went in, delivered his right heavily on Tom's left listener, and, in getting back, fell, his knees evidently failing him.

48. Paddock, grinning, went in, popped his left with effect on the right side of Aaron's nob, and Jones fell, Paddock again just missing a heavy right-hander as he went to earth.

49. Aaron came up with a smile, stopped Paddock's left, and, after making his right on the back of Tom's neck, again fell.

50. Jones rattled in, but missed, his hands going over Tom's shoulders. Tom pinked him on the forehead and left peeper, and Jones dropped exhausted; and no wonder—the heat was terrific, and the rate at which the men fought astonished every one.

51. Jones cleverly popped his right on the side of Tom's cheek; Paddock, in return, just reached his chin, and Jones was down.

52. Tom delivered both mawleys, but not heavily, on the left ogle and cheek, and Jones fell, Paddock falling over, but kindly avoiding falling on him.

53. Paddock again found out the old spot on Jones's left cheek, and Jones again down. It was clear that the steam was out of Jones; he made no use of his left (that hand being incapacitated from the fall above alluded to), and his knees were evidently weak.—From this, to the 57th round, he did not succeed in making any impression on Paddock, his blows going round on the back of his neck, while Paddock slowly but surely improved his position. His blows were not heavy, but they were frequent, and Jones's forehead and left cheek and brow were much swollen. His right ogle was not closed, but there was a tell-tale appearance about it which boded him no good.

58. Jones collected himself, and went in; he succeeded in delivering his right heavily on Tom's left brow, and then, over-reaching himself, fell.

59. Jones again dashed in, caught Tom on the ear, received a little one in return on the larboard cheek, and fell. In the next three rounds Jones fell weak, after some slight exchanges, in which no damage occurred.

63. Jones rattled in with determination, and nailed Tom over the left peeper, drawing more claret from the cut on his brow. Paddock returned on the right eye, but not heavily, and Jones dropped.

64. Jones, in lunging out, misjudged his distance, and, over-reaching himself, fell.

65. Aaron, more successful this round, reached Tom's damaged left brow, extracting more of the cherry colour. Paddock retaliated on the left side of the nozzle, and Jones fell.

66. Jones was receiver-general, and fell.

67. Paddock led off with his left viciously, but was neatly stopped, and Jones met him heavily on the dexter eyeball, and then got down.

68. Paddock, after one or two misses, caught Aaron on the left cheek, and the latter was going down, Tom falling with his corobungus on Jones's soup tureen. From this to the 78th round but little mischief was done. Paddock, whose hands were much swollen from repeated visitations to the harder portions of Aaron's nob, did but little execution, while Jones was too weak to make an effort. Jones was down in each round. In the 78th Paddock again made his left tell with effect on Jones's remaining window, which was fast going. In the 79th Jones received a similar visitation, and again fell. Cries of "Take him away" were heard, but Jones scoffed at the idea, saying he was good for another hour.

80. Paddock went in to finish, but to his great surprise Jones planted his right heavily on the side of his nut and rolled him over, falling on him.

It would be tedious to detail the remaining rounds, of which 41 were fought, making the total 121. Suffice it to say that Jones, who was weak on his pins, and had but one good arm, became gradually blind. He made many gallant efforts to turn the tide in his favour, and now and then reached the left side of Paddock's wig block with telling effect. Paddock's neck, left cheek, and left brow were twice as big as usual, and the eye was closed; his hands, too, were much puffed, and it was with evident pain that he effected any deliveries; still he was stronger on his legs than Jones, and, although evidently tired, persevered manfully. He repeatedly jobbed his determined opponent on all parts of his phisog without a return. In the 102 round Jones made an expiring effort, and some stinging hits were exchanged, which surprised every one; but the tide of victory was not to be turned, for, although Jones got slightly the best of the hitting, the round completely sealed his fate, and although both fell very weak, it was evident that Jones's right eye could not last long even if not again hit. Many persons cried, "Take him away;" and indeed, in our opinion, he ought to have been forced to give in long before, and if he declined himself, his seconds should have acted for him. We feel assured that his backer, who was not present, would not have suffered him to come up for at least half an hour previous to the conclusion of the fight. Be that as it may, however, the gallant fellow would hear of no surrender. He went in again and again, with no other result than an occasional tap from Paddock, who could do no more, and for the last six rounds we do not believe that he (Jones,) could see at all. At length, in the 121st round, as he rushed wildly in the direction where Paddock stood, the latter gave him one, two, on the body and side of the jaw, and the game fellow fell heavily, nature forsook him, and he was unable to come to time; Paddock being declared the winner, after as determined a struggle as we ever witnessed, in two hours and twenty-four minutes. Both men were conveyed on board the Waterman 7, and received every attention. Paddock quickly recovered himself, but he was in a by no means enviable plight. Jones, however, did not become sensible for a considerable period. The boat at once returned to town, where he received proper attention, and was put to bed, Johnny Broome, who accompanied him, remaining with him the whole night. As the boat departed before the second fight was concluded, many persons who came down by her made their way back to town by the Gravesend Railway, *via* Dartford or Purfleet, or entrusted themselves to the tender mercies of the piratical craft which brought down numbers of "outsiders" at cheap fares. Some few who were in the secret remained at the fighting ground, and were conveyed to town by the Waterman 7, which returned to the scene of action after placing Jones in safety. All, however, contrived to reach London in good time without any serious mischance. We heard of one or two who missed their proboscis squeezers, but beyond this we think there was no serious loss, and the unfortunate sufferers must console themselves with having escaped so easily from the spoiling hands of the Phillistines.

REMARKS.

Our readers, having perused the foregoing account, will cordially agree with us in admitting that the gallant Jones is amply retrieved his character. His own statement that he cares nought for punishment is fully borne out; we never saw any man, whoever he may be, take his gruel more kindly; round after round did he come up only to be sent down again; he bored in after his left arm was almost disabled by the fall in the 18th round, and repeatedly delivered his right, but with one hand could of course do little against a determined two-handed fighter like Tom Paddock. In addition to a lame shoulder, his illness a fortnight back told upon him severely after the first hour, as was shown by the weakness of his knees and by his abstaining from all attempts to throw his opponent, which he had done so successfully in the earlier part of the battle. His perseverance in coming up after he was quite blind was worthy of all praise, as showing his anxiety to prove to his patron that he left no stone unturned; but we do think his seconds and those who had the management of him were greatly to blame for not forcing him to resign. Had any untoward event happened, they alone would have assuredly been held accountable. Had he not met with the accident to his shoulder, we are inclined to think Paddock would have had much more difficulty in pulling through, even if he had been able to achieve that result.

Of Paddock and his tactics we have little to say; he fought, as usual, with coolness and good temper, and took whatever was given him without a murmur. The left side of his nut was very much out of the perpendicular, and his left ogle completely closed. In fact, his head altogether, although not quite so swollen, presented very much the same appearance as it did after his battle with Poulson. His hands were much injured, which may, in some measure, account for the protracted nature of the contest after the tide had turned against Jones. The fairness of his conduct throughout was the admiration of all who witnessed it. He got very weak towards the close, and, we have no doubt, was not sorry when his work was ended. Such a contest, in such a broiling day, was enough to weary out a Hercules, and the fact that the men were able to endure so long speaks much for their game and their condition. As far as we were concerned, the mere work of sitting in the sun, and fulfilling our duty as referee, as well as taking notes for the foregoing account, was nearly sufficient to lick us, and we can, therefore, speak more feelingly as regards the men. The contest afforded the highest satisfaction to the Corinthian and other patrons of the Ring, of whom there was not a very large muster, and a collection of nearly £10 was made for Jones on the spot. This has since been increased, and many of his friends have paid him for his colors. This is an example which we think cannot be too generally followed. He has proved himself a game, resolute fellow, and is deserving of all possible encouragement. He takes a benefit at Saville House, Leicester-square, on Monday week, when all the best men of the day will, no doubt, rally round him, and he and Tom Paddock will, "fight their battle o'er again." In the meantime he is to be found at the hospitable mansion of Jem Burn, the Rising Sun, in Air-street, Piccadilly. The money is to be handed to Paddock at Alec Keene's, Three Tuns, Moor-street, Soho, to-morrow (Monday) evening, when a further collection will be made for Jones, and all persons desirous of testifying their admiration of true British courage, will have an opportunity of disposing of their loose cash to advantage. In conclusion, we will say should Paddock and Aaron Jones meet again, may we be there to see. A prayer, to which when uttered on the ground, the rev Bishop of Bond-street, who was present, piously ejaculated "amen!"

The sum received for inner ring tickets only amounted to £4 12s. 6d., which might have been largely increased had the ring constables done their duty, and excluded all not possessed of tickets.

FIGHT BETWEEN BOURNE AND WILKINSON.—These men met on Monday at Graven-on-the-Moss, to contend for £25 a side. It was a one-sided affair, lasting only eleven minutes, during which nine rounds were fought in favor of Wilkinson, who gained first blood, first knock-down blow, and the battle. The money shall be sent to Richard Moore, Mitre Inn, Crown Bank, Hanley, Potteries.

Business Notices.

The Traveling World.

Those who are traveling, or who intend spending a few weeks in the country, or at the different watering places, will find the use of Dr. Gouraud's Italian Medicated Soap gratefully refreshing in preserving the delicacy and beauty of the complexion from the baneful influence of the sun, dust and wind, and immediately affording the pleasing renovation attending restored elasticity and a healthful state of the skin. Freckles, tan, spots, pimples and discolorations fly before its application, and give place to delicate clearness, with the glow of beauty and of bloom. Its virtues have long since been acknowledged, and the inventor looked upon as a benefactor to the human family. Dr. Gouraud's Liquid Hair Dye is another article highly esteemed, turning light, red or gray hair to a beautiful brown or jet black, without in the least injuring or staining the skin. They can be had of Dr. Gouraud, No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway.

Patent Daguerreian Hats.

Save money and time, by purchasing one of Rafferty & Leask's famous Daguerreian Hats, which can be had only at 57 Chatham street, and corner of Chatham and Pearl. The experience of this firm, in the manufacture and sale of this style of hat, enables them to produce an article which cannot be surpassed in this city. Extreme lightness, great durability, and adaptation to the head, avoiding the irregular pressure of the hats generally sold at other stores throughout the city, are the objects effected. In addition to which, the purchaser has his likeness taken free of charge, and firmly fixed in the hat, thus rendering it thief-proof, as no one would be willing to wear a hat with another man's likeness in, as suspicion would immediately be excited, and probably lead to the culprit's detection.

Foreign Newspapers.

Read E. B. Rogers' advertisement, in another column. Mr. R. keeps all the foreign and domestic papers published.

Where you can get it.

Everybody knows where bad liquor is to be had, but few can point out a saloon where really good beverages are kept, though it is well known there are places where a good drop of brandy, wine, and other delicacies can be procured. We'll just whisper in your ear that Mr. James Walnut, of the Cooper House Saloon, corner of Broadway and Anthony street, keeps "something nice" on hand, which, in case of a pain, would bring you all right again.

AMUSEMENTS.

Purdy's National Theatre.

A. H. Purdy.....Manager and Proprietor.

☞ Dress Circle and Upper Boxes, 25 cents; Pit, 12½ cents; Orchestra Chairs, 50 cents; Private Boxes, $5; Single Persons to Private Box, $1 each; Balcony Box, $8.

GRAND REOPENING!

During the recess, the Theatre has been thoroughly renovated, re-painted, ornamented, carpeted, &c., and the Manager has no hesitation in asserting, that his NEW COMPANY is the best and most powerful company he has ever announced, as the following list will show:

MR. J. R. SCOTT.

Mr H A Perry, the young American Tragedian, who will appear for six nights only.
Mr H F Daly, from the American Museum.
Mr H Howard, from the Broadway Theatre.
Mr G L Fox, the best Comedian on the Stage.
Mr C W Taylor, the popular author and actor.
Wm Thompson, late of California.
Mr Hampton, from the Pittsburgh Theatre.
Mr J Turner, late of the Eastern Theatres.
Mr J Herbert, Mr G Lingard, Mr H Stone, Mr Terry, Mr Chas Toulmin, Mr Lyon, Mr J P Cline, Mr W Harris.
Mrs H F Nichols, the universal favorite.
Miss A Hathaway, the celebrated Pantomimist and Versatile Actress.
Mrs W G Jones, the popular Actress and Vocalist.
Mrs N H Bannister, Mrs Wray, Miss Barber, Miss Hampton, Miss E Parker, Miss Tree, Mme Jeubilee, Miss A Thayer, Miss Bartlett, Miss Lefolle.

NOTICE.—Mr J R Scott not being able to arrive in time for the opening, will appear in a few days.

Buckley's Minstrels,

Chinese Hall, 539 Broadway.

Buckley.....Proprietor.
R. Bishop Buckley.....Musical Director
Admission.....25 cts
Doors open at 7—commence at 8 o'clock.
Burlesque Operas

Anatomical Museum.

No. 300 Broadway.

A variety of curiosities, and wax representations of the different parts of the human form. Open day and Evening. Admittance 25 cents.

PERHAM AGAIN IN THE FIELD.

THIRD MONSTER GIFT ENTERprise, in connection with the Exhibitions of his magnificent and immense Mirror of North and South America, the exhibitions of which commence on Monday evening, May 1st.

100,000 Tickets only, at $1 each will be sold. Each purchaser of a Ticket for the Admission of Four Persons to the Exhibition, will be presented with a numbered Certificate, entitling the holder to One Share in the following 100,000 Gifts:

A FARM, located in Harrison Township, Gloucester County, New Jersey, and within 15 miles of Philadelphia. It embraces over 100 acres of land, in a high state of cultivation, with Dwelling, Barns, and other necessary out-houses, in good repair. There is a large orchard of choice fruits. A fine water-power and good stone quarry are on the premises, the latter of which is the only one in the neighborhood, and on it the country in the immediate vicinity depend for public purposes. Title indisputable. Valued at		$16,000
(*Any information in regard to the Farm can be obtained of Belan Redfield, tenant on the premises.*)		
A Perpetual Loan, without security or interest,		5,000
" " " "		2,000
" " " "		1,000
2 " " " $500 *each*		1,000
10 " " " 100 "		1,000
The celebrated Trotting Mare "Lilly Dale," who can trot, in harness, a mile in 2:40—valued at		1,500
5 *Rosewood Pianos, valued at* $500 *each,*		2,500
5 " " " 300 "		1,500
(*A portion of the Pianos are T. Gilbert & Co's celebrated Æolians, Specimens to be seen at the store of Horace Waters, 333 Broadway, others of Hallet, Davis & Co's splendid instruments, to be seen at J. E. Gould's Piano and Music Store, 163 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.*)		
The splendid series of Paintings known as the "Mirror of New England and Canadian Scenery," and now realizing a handsome income by its Exhibitions in the East—valued at		22,000
3 *light and beautiful Carriages,* $225 *each,*		675
10 *Gold Watches,* $100 *each,*		1,000
40 " " 50 "		2,000
100 " *Pens and Cases,* 5 "		500
5000 " *Pencils,* 3 "		15,000
94,819 *pieces of choice, popular and fashionable Music, 25 cts. each,*		23,705
100,000 Gifts,	Valued at	$96,380

In order to ensure to all concerned a perfectly fair and satisfactory disposition of the above named Gifts, Mr. Perham proposes that the Shareholders shall meet together on Thursday evening, June 22d, 1854, (or sooner, if all the tickets are sold—due notice of which will be given,) at some suitable place hereafter to be designated, and appoint a Committee of Five Persons, who may dispose of the property in such manner as the Shareholders, in general meeting, shall direct; the Committee giving good and sufficient bonds, if required by the Shareholders, for the faithful performance of the duties required of them.

All orders for Tickets, by mail, should be addressed JOSIAH PERHAM, Academy Hall, 663 Broadway, New York. If it should happen that all the Tickets are sold when the order is received, the money will be returned, at our expense for postage. Correspondents will please write distinctly their name, residence, County and State, to prevent errors.

OFFICES FOR SALE OF TICKETS.

ACADEMY HALL, 663 Broadway.
HOWE'S COUGH CANDY STORE, 166 Chatham street.
LOVEJOY'S, HOWARD'S, and MERCHANTS' Hotels.
CATTELL'S DRUG STORE, Fulton street, Brooklyn.

$75,000 WORTH OF GIFTS

FOR THE PEOPLE—THE SUBSCRIbers respectfully announce to the public, that they have made arrangements with responsible parties in different cities of the Union for the sale of the justly celebrated Engravings known as ONE OF LIFE'S HAPPY HOURS, and THE POOR RELATIONS. These Engravings have been pronounced by artists and connoisseurs the most exquisite specimens of the Fine Arts ever produced in this country. They are works of one of the most distinguished artists of the day, and have been prepared at great expense—the engraved plates alone having cost several thousand dollars. The size of the Engraving is 16 by 22 inches. The subscribers have made arrangements by which they can furnish these beautiful Engravings at the low rate of ONE DOLLAR each. Engravings of far less merit sell readily at $2 each. By issuing an edition of 75,000, the subscribers are enabled to sell them at the above price; and on completing the sale of the above number, will also be enabled to present to the purchasers of these Engravings the following splendid Gifts:

1	Beautiful Country Seat in Fairfield Co., Conn., valued at	$7,500
15	Fine Rosewood Pianoes, valued at	$500 00 7,500
20	Fine Melodeons, valued at	150 00 3,000
40	Richly Carved Sofas, valued at	40 00 1,600
200	Urquhart's Celebrated Violins, valued at	6 00 1,200
100	Guitars, valued at	10 00 1,000
100	Fine Accordions valued at	10 00 1,000
15	Avery's Crystal Palace Medal Premium Sewing Machines, valued at	50 00 750
50	Superfine Gold Watches, valued at	100 00 5,000
50	Superfine Gold Watches, valued at	75 00 3,750
50	Ladies Gold Watches valued at	50 00 2,500
50	Superior Silver Lever Watches, valued at	25 00 1,250
50	Super. Silver Lever Watch es, valued at	20 00 1,000
50	Gent's Gold Fob Chains, valued at	30 00 1,500
50	Gent's Gold Fob Chains, valued at	20 00 1,000
50	Ladies' Gold Fob Chains valued at	20 00 1,000
100	Sets Ladies' Bracelets, valued at	10 00 1,000
200	Sets Ladies' Pins and Earrings, valued at	8 00 1,600
200	Sets Ladies' Ear-rings, valued at	7 50 1,500
200	Gent's Cluster Pins, valued at	5 00 1,000
1,000	Gold Rings, with settings, valued at	3 50 3,500
500	Gold Pencils, valued at	5 00 2,500
300	Gold Pencils, valued at	3 50 1,050
500	Pens, with cases, valued at	3 50 1,750
500	Ladies' Work Boxes, valued at	3 50 1,750
20	Ladies' Fine Broche Shawls, valued at	30 00 600
10	Ladies' Fine Broche Shawls, valued at	20 00 200
100	Gent's Watch Fobs, with seals, valued at	6 50 650
50	Double-barrel Guns, valued at	20 00 1,000
50	Pistols, valued at	6 00 300
1	Steel Plate of Life's Happy Hours, valued at	1,000
1	Steel Plate, The Poor Relations, valued at	1,000
100	Quarto Bibles, with plates, valued at	5 00 500
1,000	Clasp Bibles, valued at	1 00 1,000
10,000	Steel Engravings, the best likeness of Henry Clay ever published valued at	50 5,000
10,000	Steel Engravings of Powers' Greek Slave valued at	25 2,500
5,000	Boxes Oriental Tooth Powder,

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

Conceive, if you can, Sir, such a meeting! Were there ever a husband and wife met under such circumstances before? Never since the creation of the world! The two children looked healthy and beautiful, with their fur aprons; but it struck me at first that my beloved was much altered: it was only, however, caused by her internal commotion, by feelings which overpowered her grateful heart, against which nature could not bear up; for on my first embrace she fainted in my arms, which kept us all in suspension and confusion for a long space. The children fled from us, crying for their mother, and took shelter with their friends, the pongos, who seemed in great amazement, and part of them begun to withdraw, as if to hide themselves.

As soon as Agnes was somewhat restored, I proposed that we should withdraw from the camp of her savage colony; but she refused, and told me that it behoved her to part with her protectors on good terms, and that she must depart without any appearance of compulsion, which they might resent; and we actually rested ourselves during the heat of the day, in the shades erected by those savage inhabitants of the forest. My wife went to her hoard of provisions, and distributed to every one of the pongos his share of fruit, succulent herbs, and roots, which they ate with great composure. It was a curious scene, something like what I had seen in a menagerie; and there was my little William, serving out food to the young curang-outangs, cuffing them, and ordering them, in the broad Annandale dialect, to do this, that, and the other thing; and they were not only obedient, but seemed flattered by his notice and correction. We were then presented with delicious fruits; but I had no heart to partake, being impatient to have my family away from the midst of this brutal society; for, as long as we were there, I could not conceive them safe, or fairly in my own power.

Agnes then stood up, and made a speech to her subjects, accompanying her expressions with violent motions and contortions, to make them understand her meaning. They understood it perfectly; for when they heard that she and her children were to leave them, they set up such a jabbering of lamentation as British ears never heard. Many of them came cowering and fawning before her, and she laid her hand on their heads; many, too, of the young ones, came running, and lifting up the children's hands, they put them on their own heads. We then formed a close circle round Agnes and the children, to the exclusion of the pongos, that still followed behind, howling and lamenting; and that night we lodged in the camp of the Lockos, placing a triple guard round my family, of which there stood great need. We durst not travel by night; but we contrived two covered hurdles, in which we carried Agnes and the children; and for three days a considerable body of the tallest and strongest of the ourang outangs attended our steps, and some of them came to us fearlessly every day, as she said, to see if she was well, and if we were not hurting her.

We reached our own settlement one day sooner than we took in marching westward; but there I durst not remain for a night, but getting into a vessel, I sailed straight for the Cape, having first made over all my goods and chattles to my countrymen, who are to send me down value here in corn and fruit; and here I am, living with my Agnes and our two children, at a little wigwam about five miles from Cape Town.

My Agnes's part of the story is the most extraordinary of all. But here I must needs be concise, giving only a short and general outline of her adventures; for, among dumb animals, whose signals and grimaces were so liable to misinterpretation, much must have been left to her own conjecture. The creatures' motives for stealing and detaining her appeared to have been as follows:—

These animals remain always in distinct tribes, and are perfectly subordinate to a chief or ruler, and his secondary chiefs. In their expedition to rob our gardens, they had brought their sovereign's sole heir along with them, as they never leave any of the royal family behind them, for fear of a surprisal. It was this royal cub which we killed; and the queen, his mother, having been distractedly inconsolable for the loss of her darling, the old monarch had set out by night to try, if possible, to recover it; and on not finding it, he seized on my boy in its place, carried him home in safety to his queen, and gave her him to nurse! She did so. Yes, she positively did nurse him at her breast for three months, and never child throve better than he did. By that time he was beginning to walk, and aim at speech, by imitating every voice he heard, whether of beast or bird; and it had struck the monsters as a great loss that they had no means of teaching their young sovereign to speak, at which art he seemed so apt. This led to the scheme of stealing his own mother to be his instructor, which they effected in the most masterly style, binding and gagging her in her own house, and carrying her from a populous hamlet in the fair forenoon, without having been discovered. Their expertness, and the rapidity of their motions, Agnes described as inconceivable by those who had never witnessed them. They showed every sort of tenderness and kindness by the way, proffering her plenty of fruit and water; but she gave herself totally up to despair, till, behold! she was introduced to her own little William, plump, thriving, and as merry as a cricket, gambolling away among his brutal compeers, for many of whom he had conceived a great affection; but then they far outgrew him, while others as fast overtood him in size.

Agnes immediately took her boy under her tuition, and was soon given to understand that her will was to be the sole law of the community; and all the while that they detained her, they never refused her in aught save to take her home again. Our little daughter she had named Beatrice, after her maternal grandmother. She was born six months and six days after Agnes's abstraction. She spoke highly of the pongos, of their docility, generosity, warmth of affection to their mates and young ones, and of their irresistible strength. She conceived that, however, to have been a tribe greatly superior to all others of the race, for she never could regard them in any other light than as dumb human creatures. I confess that I had the same sort of feeling while in their settlement, for many of the young females in particular were much comlier than negro savages which I have often seen; and they laughed, smiled, and cried very much like human creatures. At my wife's injunctions, or from her example, they all wore aprons: and the females had let the hair of their heads grow long. It was glossy black, and neither curled nor woolly; and, on the whole, I cannot help having a lingering affection for the creatures. They would make the most docile, powerful and affectionate of all slaves; but they come very soon to their growth, and are but short-lived, in that way approximating to the rest of the brute creation. They live entirely on fruits, roots, and vegetables, and taste no animal food whatever.

I asked Agnes much of the civility of their manner to her, and she always described it as respectful and uniform. For a while she never thought herself quite safe when near the queen; but the dislike of the latter to her arose entirely out of her boundless affection for the boy. No mother could possibly be fonder of her own offspring than this affectionate creature was of William, and she was jealous of his mother for taking him from her, and causing him instantly to be weaned. But then the chief never once left the two queens by themselves; they had always a guard day and night.

I have no objection to the publication of these adventures in Britain, though I know they will not obtain credit; but I should not like that the incidents reached the *Sidney Gazette*, as I intend emigrating to that country as soon as I receive value for the stock I left at the settlement, for I have a feeling that my family is scarcely safe as long as I remain on any part of the coast of Africa. And, for the sake of my rising family, I have an aversion to its being known that they were bred among creatures that must still be conceived to be of the brute creation. Do not write till you hear from me again; and believe me ever your old affectionate friend,

WM. MITCHELL.

Buffalo at the Cape of Good Hope.

The savage disposition of this animal renders it well known about the Cape of Good Hope, and in the several other parts of Africa, where it is found. It is very large, and enormously strong. The body is of a black, or dusky ash-colour; the front parts covered with long, coarse, black hair. The horns are very thick, and rugged at the base; sometimes measuring three feet in length, and laying so flat as to cover almost all the top of the head. The body and limbs are very thick and muscular; and the animal is above twelve feet long, and six in height. The head hangs down, and bears a most fierce and malevolent aspect.

In the plains of Caffraria, the buffalos are so common, that it is by no means unusual to see a hundred and fifty, or two hundred of them in a herd. They generally retire to the thickets and woods in the day time, and at night go out into the plains to graze.

Treacherous in the extreme, they frequently conceal themselves among the trees, and there stand lurking till some unfortunate passenger comes by, when the animal at once rushes out into the road, and attacks the traveller, who has no chance to escape but by climbing up a tree, if he is fortunate enough to be near one. Flight is of no avail; he is speedily overtaken by the furious beast, who, not content with throwing him down and killing him, stands over him for a long time afterwards, trampling him with his hoofs, and crushing him with his knees; and not only mangles and tears the body to pieces with his horns and teeth, but likewise strips off the skin, by licking it with his tongue. Nor does he perform all this at once, but often retires to some distance from the body, and returns with savage ferocity to gratify afresh his cruel inclination.

As Professor Thunberg was traveling in Caffraria, he and his companions had just entered a wood, when they discovered a large old male buffalo, lying quite alone, in a spot that, for the space of a few square yards, was free from bushes. The animal no sooner observed the guide, who went first, than, with a horrible roar he rushed upon him. The fellow turned his horse short round behind a large tree, and the buffalo rushed straight forwards to the next man, and gored his horse so dreadfully in the belly, that it died soon after. These two climbed into trees, and the furious animal made his way towards the rest, of whom the Professor was one, who were approaching, but at some distance. A horse without a rider was in the trout; as soon as the buffalo saw him he became more outrageous than before, and attacked him with such fury that he not only drove his horns into the horse's breast, but even again through the very saddle. This horse was thrown to the ground with such excessive violence, that he instantly died, and many of his bones were broken. Just at this moment the Professor happened to come up, but, from the narrowness of the path, having no room to turn round, he was glad to abandon his horse, and take refuge in a tolerably high tree. The buffalo, however, had finished, for, after the destruction of the second horse, he turned suddenly round and galloped away.

Some time after this the Professor and his party espied an extremely large herd of buffalos grazing on a plain. Being now sufficiently apprised of the disposition of these animals, and knowing that they would not attack any person in the open plains, they approached within forty paces, and fired amongst them. The whole troop, notwithstanding the individual intrepidity of the animals, surprised by the sudden flash and report, turned about, and made off towards the woods. The wounded buffalos separated from the rest of the herd, from inability to keep pace with them. Amongst these was an old bull buffalo, which ran with fury towards the party. They knew, from the situation of the eyes of these animals, they could see in scarcely any other direction than straight forward; and, that in an open plain, if a man that was pursued darted out of the course, and threw himself flat on the ground, they would gallop forward to a considerable distance before they missed him. These circumstances prevented their suffering any material alarm. The animal, from this circumstance, passed close by them, and fell before he appeared to have discovered his error. Such, however, was his strength, that, notwithstanding the ball had entered his chest, and penetrated through the greatest part of his body, he ran at full speed several hundred paces before he fell.

The Cape buffalo is frequently hunted by Europeans, and by the natives of South Africa. In Caffraria he is generally killed by means of javelins, which the inhabitants use with considerable dexterity. When a Caffre has discovered the place where several buffalos are collected together, he blows a pipe made of the thigh-bone of a sheep, which is heard at a great distance. The moment his comrades hear this notice, they run up to the spot, and, surrounding the animals, which they take care to approach by degrees, lest they should alarm them, throw their javelins at them. This is generally done with so sure an aim, that, out of eight or twelve, it very rarely happens that a single one escapes. It sometimes, however, happens, that, while the buffaloes are running off, some one of the hunters, who stands in the way, is tossed and killed; but this is a circumstance not much regarded by the Caffrarians. When the chase is ended, each one cuts and takes away his share of the game.

Some Europeans at the Cape once chased a buffalo, and having driven him into a narrow place, he turned round, and instantly pushed at one of his pursuers, who had on a red waistcoat. The man, to save his life, ran to the water, plunged in, and swam off; the animal followed him so closely, that the poor fellow had no alternative but that of diving. He dipped overhead, and the buffalo, losing sight of him, swam on towards the opposite shore, three miles distant, and, as was supposed, would have reached it had he not been shot by a gun from a ship lying at a little distance. The skin was presented to the governor of the Cape, who had it stuffed, and placed it among his collection of curiosities.

Like the hog, this animal is fond of wallowing in the mire. His flesh is lean, but juicy, and of a high flavor. The hide is so thick and tough, that targets, musket proof, are formed of it; and even while the animal is alive, it is said to be in many places impenetrable to a leaden musket-ball; balls hardened with a mixture of tin are, therefore, always used, and even these are often flattened by the resistance. Of the skin the strongest and best thongs for harness are made.

The Hottentots, who never put themselves to any great trouble in dressing their victuals, cut the buffalo's flesh into slices, and then smoke, and at the same time half broil it over a few coals. They also frequently eat it in a state of putrefaction. They dress the hides by stretching them on the ground with stakes, afterwards strewing them over with warm ashes, and then with a knife scraping off the hair.

Curious Coursing Anecdote.

A good deal has been said of the sagacity of the dog, and his natural fondness for the sport to which he has been trained; the following circumstance will go a good way to prove that the horse also rejoiceth in the chase, even when unurged by spur—undirected by rein:—A party of gentlemen were recently enjoying the sport of coursing over a preserve of the Earl of Pembroke's, near Welton Abbey Wilts., when, towards the conclusion of a *killing*-day, one of them dismounted to beat a small-patch (generally considered safe to hold a hare), giving his horse to a boy to restrain in the meanwhile, Mr. S——e was not disappointed; puss soon broke and a jolly "halloo" followed, and away went madam, with the "long dogs" at her scent, and the field in as good order as their nags would let them; away, too, bolted our beater's nag; for no sooner did he hear the "well remembered long prolonged" shout than he broke from the puny grip that but too faintly held him, and galloped, wild and ardent as the steed of Mazeppa, or as that now old but ever famous horse, Euphrates (well does the writer remember seeing him, when a colt, come starting up the hill just previous to the run in on the Salisbury Racecourse) in the consciousness of irrestrainable might. Instead, however, of breaking without order over the field, Mr. S's horse, to the astonishment of all, followed the track of the run, doubling as well as a larger animal could be imagined to do, and stopping only (being first in from a saddle only being up) at the death! The generous animal then permitted itself to be captured, and was restored to its master snorting with delight. About twelve years since we saw a similar proof of sagacity in a coursing nag, which we in part accounted for from the mare having been exercised constantly with the brace of greyhounds he followed, and taught by a clever groom to stop as they stopped, and invariably at the loss or the kill.

Where's the Schoolmaster?

A late number of Gleason's Pictorial contained a beautifully executed engraving of the Battle Field of Brandywine, *New Jersey*. (?)

Gleason must be a "Know Nothing."

Pistol Shooting.

THE CHALLENGE OF MR. PAUL.

New-York *vs.* St. Louis.

A few weeks since, we published a challenge from Mr. Paul, of St. Louis, in which he put forward several propositions, to shoot with any man that might accept his offer. Messrs. Travis and Suydam, of this city, immediately *answered* this challenge by proposing others, but in no way accepting Mr. Paul's proposition. Mr. Paul, in a late number of the St. Louis Intelligencer, in alluding to the New York challenge, says:—

I positively deny that either of those gentlemen has accepted a single proposition of the seven embodied in the challenge.

True, those gentlemen made propositions to shoot, knowing, at the time, that I could accept no further proposition that might be made after the publication of my article, stating that the challenge was closed, it having been accepted, slightly modified; that, win or lose, it would be the last Pistol Shooting on a wager I would be engaged in. I would here remark, that I was fully under the impression, and it was my express wish, that Mr. Travis would be my competitor, our party having given the other several days to decide which proposition they would select. In this I was disappointed, for they selected the first and second propositions, (slightly modified,) as appears in substance below:

1st. I am to hit a dollar or any other object of the same size, thrown in the air, three shots out of six, on a wheel and fire. 2d. I am to hit a dollar three times out of six, placed on a twig two inches long, while the other party holds the other end in his mouth, only six shots to be fired by me, taking chances of either proposition, or three shots of each. The arrangements to be made in the usual way, with the exception that I am not to be informed by the judges of the number of hits I make, until I have either won or fired the six shots. Further particulars will be given in a card, to be published by both parties, in due time.

The shooting to come off during the month of November.

EDMUND W. PAUL, St. Louis, Mo.

Yachting in England.

Royal Mersey Yacht Club.—Challenge Cup Match.

The match for this splendid cup of £100 value, with a purse of £25 added, came off on Saturday, July 8, over the Challenge Cup Course, with usual allowance of time, ¾ min under 25 tons, ½ min from 25 to 50 tons, and ¼ min for all above 50 tons.

The morning was very beautiful, and the wind, which had been light, increased to a nice whole sail breeze from N. E. just at the commencement of the day's sport, increasing considerably at 2:30 p.m., and, unfortunately, bringing with it plenty of rain. In the absence of the Commodore, the Vice-Commodore, B. Heywood Jones, Esq. officiated, and brought with him a large party on board the steamer engaged by the club to accompany the match, which left Liverpool a little before eleven a.m. for the marine station at Birkenhead, where the competing yachts were found stationed in the following order:—

YACHT.	TONS.	OWNERS.
1. BLUE BELLE	31	R. M. Grinnell, Esq.
2. CHALLENGE	8	A. Bower, Esq.
3. STANLEY	17	T. Wilson, Esq.
4. CYNTHIA	51	H. Roe, jun, Esq.
5. ELECTRIC	8	J. Wilkinson, Esq.
6. CORALIE	35	A. E. Byrne, Esq.

The Mirage, 18 tons, G. R. Woodward, Esq, could not be got ready in time; the Ranger, 13 tons, did not start, and the Victoria, 11 tons, hon sec's craft, was stationed as flag boat. At 11;15 a.m., all being ready, the signal to start was given, Blue Belle being first to reply; the rest, excepting Coralie, which was slightly delayed, got well away, canting round to the eastward. At 11:18 Cynthia went about weathering all, and the wind gradually freshening, drew more to the north, making it a dead beat out of the river, at the entrance of which Blue Belle and Coralie standing well in to the eastward, off the end of the new docks, caught a fine slant of easterly wind, the former getting the best share, and for a time led the fleet; the Cynthia tacking to starboard, soon after passed under their lee, being then third vessel. The Electric, sloop-rigged, one of the R.M.Y.C., was sailing beautifully in the fourth position, with a new mainsail, and lying well to the windward of all the others, and at times endangering the position of the Blue Belle. The Stanley's alterations had evidently damaged her good qualities; she was not at all like the clever craft she proved herself last year. The Challenge's mainsail had stretched considerably, and there did not seem to be sufficient hoist for it. The Crosby Lightship was passed about 12:15. Coralie leading, tacked to starboard at 12:7, Cynthia at 12:9, and Blue Belle 12:11, again tacking respectively at 12:9:45, 12:20, and 12:14 to port. No change in position took place to the Bell Buoy, but Blue Belle lost ground by hoisting her balloon jib too soon, and having to tack twice with it set, the Coralie rounding the buoy 35sec ahead of Cynthia, but the latter passed her in running to N.W. lightship, when there was but little wind, Electric, Stanley, and Challenge in like manner passing Blue Belle, whose very small sails were ill suited for such weather.

After rounding the light ship there was an increase of breeze, obliging Cynthia, Carolie, and Stanley to take in topsails, and Electric and Challenge to reef. Not so the Blue Belle; she carried all with ease, passing quickly from far astern into her former position of third. Nothing of moment, beyond the retiring of the two plucky little craft, Challenge and Electric, occurred till the Bell Buoy was nearly reached for the last time, when it became evident that having more to contend with than a smooth sea and light airs, Coralie was overpowering Cynthia; for with the increased breeze and change of tide a considerable sea got up, in beating up against which Coralie's long and beautiful bow came into use with great effect, and she was enabled to round the buoy only two minutes and a half astern of the Cynthia, the latter having unfortunately considerably overreached herself, and in the run up, not being smart in setting her large topsail, she gained but little on the Coralie, the latter passing the flagship Birkenhead the winner with four minutes and a half to spare, thus preserving the cup to the ... another year at least. The following are the exact times at which the vessels reached the different buoys, &c:—

CORALIE reached Bell Buoy 12h 57m 30s; N.W.Lt. S. 2h 2m 45s; Bell Buoy 2h 55m 5s; N.W.L. 3h 25m; Bell Buoy 4h 31m; Flag ship 6h 9m 21s.

CYNTHIA reached Bell Buoy 12h 58m 5s; N.W.Lt. S. 2h 5m 30s; Bell Buoy 2h 59m 20s; N.W.L. 3h 30m; Bell Buoy 4h 33m 30s; Flag ship 6h 12m 40s.

BLUE BELLE reached Bell Buoy 1h 11m 15s; N.W.Lt.S. 2h 23m; Bell Buoy 3h 26m 10s; N.W.L. 4h 3m; Bell Buoy 5h 15m; Flag ship 6h 58m.

STANLEY reached Bell Buoy 1h 18m; N.W.Lt S. 2h 18m 30s; Bell Buoy 3h 30m 5s; N.W.L. 4h 5m 30s; not timed.

CHALLENGE reached Bell Buoy 1h 29m 30s; N.W.Lt S. 2h 21m 50s; gave up.

ELECTRIC reached Bell Buoy 1h 17m 15s; N.W.Lt S. 2h 16m 15s; gave up.

In presenting the cup and purse to Mr. Byrne, the Vice-Commodore complimented him on his success, and on the manner in which he had sailed his vessel. The Coralie last year won the Queen's Cup, beating thirteen others, including Cynthia, Pauline, Tarta, Miranda, Enchantress, &c., but for the Challenge Cup was easily beaten, the weather being light. Among the numerous yachts that accompanied the match we notice the Rosalind schoner, the Princess Olga schooner, H. Leader, Esq.; the Nimrod, H. Bidson, Esq.; the Ranger, Quickstep, Jessica, the Viola, S. Darcus, Esq.; the Flying Cloud and many others.

In our last week's paper we, by mistake, spoke of the Cynthia as having been built by Mr. Fyfe; it should have been the Cymbia whose absence from this match caused much disappointment.

Death of M. Letour.

It will be recollected that on Tuesday week M. Letour, the French aeronaut, ascended in a paracute from Cremorne Gardens, suspended from a balloon directed by two fellow travellers. The latter reached *terra firma* in safety but M. Letour, in his descent at Tottenham, met with such serious injuries that he died on Wednesday week. An inquest was held, and a verdict of accidental death returned. When will these insane exhibitions be put a stop to?

Diving for Pickerel.

The Concord (N. H.) Reporter is responsible for the following paragraph:

On Saturday last our new Governor, famous for his fishing propensities, together with Col. Moore, the reporter, and one or two disciples of Isaac Walton, rode over to the Soucook, where they got into a rickety boat to fish for pickerel. Pretty soon his Excellency had a glorious bite, and putting his foot on the side of the boat, so as to stand firm, over it went, sousing the party into ten feet of water. Col. Moore, being somewhat fat, floated off upon the surface like a porpoise; another of the party who could not swim, crawled up upon the sand so as to get his head above water; but "Nat," like a true sportsman, stuck to his pickerel, and managed to bring him safe to shore. He was a "lounder," weighing five pounds and a half. We saw some of the party on their return, who looked very much like drowned rats.

Robbing Peter to Pay Paul.

The Albany Register says that a Buffalo wheat-buyer invested $3,000 in wheat, with the design to give the resulting profits to the cause of religion. On closing up the accounts he found a gain of fifty per cent, and handed over $1,500 to Dr. Loan.

How much did *poor folks* lose by the operation?

DR. GEORGE W. BOND'S VEGETABLE Strengthening Bitters.—The proprietor of this article in offering it to the public, offers it as a medicine that has been used by his father, in an extensive practice of twenty years, with the most Wonderful success, being purely vegetable and free from all powerful stimulants. Mild in their operations, they strengthen and invigorate, instead of prostrating the system, allaying all irritability and nervous condition of the system, being a speedy and permanent cure for all diseases arising from a disordered state of the system, as Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Costiveness, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Palpitation of the Heart, Nocturnal Seminal Emissions, and for all weaknesses of the organs of generation; an antidote for all diseases incident to females, Fluor Albus or Whites, and particularly at that critical period, the turn of life. They give new life and vigor to the whole system. No family that values life and health, should be without them in their house. Persons going on long voyages, will find them an excellent article to take with them, as they are a sure remedy, always giving relief. The great demand for this article at my office, and by the advice of a number of the medical profession, has induced me to put it before the public. A trial of one single bottle will satisfy any person, even the most doubtful, that it is truly what it is represented to be. The above article is put up in half pint bottles, and put in square boxes with full directions, and the manufacturer's name written on each label. Price $1 per bottle. None genuine unless put up in the above manner; and the box goes with the bottle, in all cases. Manufactured and sold by GEORGE R. BOND, M.D.,

Son and Successor to Dr. Geo. W. Bond.

Principal Depot, No. 65 Orchard, cor. of Grand street; and No. 77 Suffolk street, New York.

Wholesale Agent, WILLIAM S. DUNHAM, No. 476 Broadway, white front, between Broome and Grand, New York.

And for sale at all Drug Stores throughout the city. Mar 4

MEDICAL ADVISER

AND MARRIAGE GUIDE—ELEVENTH Edition, 340 pages, cloth; with nearly seventy five colored engravings—representing all the diseases of the genital organs of the male and female; the most complete and practical work on the physiological mysteries and revelations of the male and female sexual systems ever published, with the latest experiments and discoveries in Reproduction. It illustrates anatomically and fully with the plates everything pertaining to the male and female genital systems; with a full description of the causes, symptoms and most certain mode of cure of all the infirmities and diseases to which they are liable from the secret habits of youth, and excesses of maturer age, as involuntary loss of Semen and Impotency, and innocent or unforeseen affections, and those resulting from contraction, as Syphilis, (Primary and Constitutional,) Conorrhœa or Blenorrhagia, (Clap) Gleet, Strictures, &c., &c., with numerous certificates of the most unparalleled cures ever performed. Every person, both married and single, should read this work.

Sold by Stringer & Townsend, Dewitt & Davenport; Charles Ring, 192 Barclay-street; Griffith, 374 Grand-street; Chambers, 576 Hudson-street; also, at No. 1 Vesey-street, New York; by L. D. Jones, 54 Warren-street, Trenton, New-Jersey; also, by the author, M. LARMONT, Physician and Surgeon, No. 42 Reade-street, corner of Broadway, New York, formerly from Paris and London, and by country booksellers generally. Price $1, mailed free of postage to any address, securely sealed. Agents wanted in every town. The author cures all the diseases treated on in the work, at his old office, 42 Reade-street, corner of Broadway, from 11 A. M. till 2 P. M., and from 6 till 9 in the evening, [Sundays excepted.] N. B.—Not the Drug Store. Address box 844, New-York Post-Office.

MEDICAL DISPENSARY,

Established in 1832, by Dr. George W. Bond, in Orchard street, New York,

For the Cure of Venereal Disease in all its forms.

If you are unfortunate, and want to be cured and left in sound health, come to me; I am saving hundreds monthly. My father's reputation and my wonderful success will satisfy any person there is no humbug about this. Those that doubt, let them come and see for themselves, and if I don't do all I say I can, I will make them a present of $25 to go where they think they can do better. I use not ing that is injurious to the system; but use medicines that will strengthen a person, and leave them in sound health in the shortest possible time.

My Vegetable Strengthening Bitters is a speedy and permanent cure for all weakness of the organs of generation, and for that terrible affliction, Nocturnal Seminal Emissions. It has not, in a single instance, failed to effect a radical cure where it has been tried. Office arranged so that persons never meet going in or out. I have private rooms for each person. Medicines carefully put up and sent to all parts of the United States, with advice and full directions.

GEORGE R. BOND, M.D.,
Successor to Dr. George W. Bond.

Office corner of Orchard and Grand sts., New York. Entrance No. 65 Orchard street.

Office hours from 10 till 12 A. M., and from 7 till 9 o'clock P. M.

☞ Price of Vegetable Strengthening Bitters $1 per bottle.

Ross & Jones,

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GENERAL AGENTS FOR SUPPLYING the city and country with Daily and Weekly News-papers, Cheap Books and Magazines, take great pleasure in giving notice that they have now completed their arrangements with the Publishers for filling the orders of their customers at least one day in advance of any other house in the city.

All the Morning papers are sent by the early train on the morning of their publication, and by this arrangment with the numerious Rail Road and Steamboat lines, we are enabled to pack cheap publications &c., in the same bundle, so that our patrons not only secure their orders in advance, but at the same time save the expense of freight on the extra packages of Books and Magazines.

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SURE CURES AT SMALL COST.

DR. WARD'S UNFORTUNATE'S Friend, and the infallible remedies for certain diseases. Sold at No. 50 Canal street, New York, nowhere else. Universally celebrated throughout the United States, Canada, and Great Britain, for the amazing cures they have performed in the worst cases, after all other aid had miserably failed those afflicted.

Now used for the above virulent disease, and its disastrous train of symptoms, with a success that astonishes the faculty; far surpassing the tardy operation of other remedies, at the same time that they are also milder than those upon the system itself. The reason is that they exert their whole force upon the disease, which is compelled to give way at once, and the patient suffers nothing, as in other instances, from the remedy that relieves him. Thence the fact that these are now approved above all others.

For certainty and celerity they are unapproached, and for an entire eradication of the subtle seeds of venereal disease nothing else can positively be relied upon. Tested we might almost say in millions of cases, and found to be the only reliable anchor.

While these are in immediate cure for the slighter affections, they are a remedy to which the aggravated forms, as difficult to cure by other treatment as a consumption is, yield easily, and indeed at once. The patient has no more difficulty than with a sore finger, instead of being the prey of a loathsome and continually corroding malady. $1 per vial with a book.

Newark, N. J., July 7th, 1853.

DR. WARE: Sir—I had tried the medicines prescribed by seven different physicians before I applied to you. Your medicines cured me in five days. I can never discharge my obligations to you. W. I.

Upwards of 10,000 cases like the above could be referred to. Others talk Dr. Ward's cures. No failures. His charges are moderate, only for the medecine, $15 to guarantee a cure of Gonorrhœa. The same for curing Syphilis, Seminal Weakness, General Debility Impotence, &c.—Those who cannot afford so much, inclose $10, $5, or $1, according to their ability. $1 per vial. Packages sent to all parts of the world. An answer returned the moment a letter is received, medicines accompanying, all contained in a strong box.

A CURE FOR A CERTAIN DISEASE IMMEDIATELY!—By the newly discovered astounding and unparalled remedies, the most important Medical Invention relative to the Disorders of Modern Times. Admitted to the most wonderful contributions of science to the cure of disease. DR. WARD'S UNFORTUNATE'S FRIEND, and other amazing remedies. Sold at No. 50 Canal street, New York; nowhere else. Now universally celebrated throughout the United States, Canada, and Great Britain, as the easiest, safest, and speediest remedies discovered for those diseases; cure in 12 hours, if the disease is recent, and never requires more than a few days. To terminate and eradicate thoroughly the most obstinate and protracted discharges from the Uretha, no matter how long its continuance or what may have been tried previously.

These Medicines have been hailed by thousands as the greatest boon to humanity. Married persons in this predicament, especially, and all anxious for a cure, are by these Incomparable Remedies, certain of obtaining the same without any delay. A cure guaranteed by their means. Practical directions accompany the Remedies. A Scientific description of the disease is enclosed. $1 per bottle with a book.

CONCLUDING ADVICE TO THE UNFORTUNATE! If you have contracted a certain disease, do not delay a moment, but come, send or write to Dr. Ward, 50 Canal street, New York City. If you want to make sure of a cure, come, send or write. If you are poor, nevertheless, come, send, or write.

In a week after receiving the medicines, my patients write. Dear Doctor, accept my warm felt thanks; your medicines have cured me; they are delightful as well as certain. No danger of discovery by having the remedies sent, as (unless otherwise ordered) they are directed to be kept at the depot till called for. Within one, two or three days after writing to us, according to the distance from New York, the patient will be certain of receiving our reply, and the remedies to cure him at the same time. Then the afflicted will rejoice. The medicines are securely put up in a box, and make a compact and portable package, strong, not liable to damage or to excite curiosity. If anything is broken or damaged, by carriage, (which, however, very rarely happens) I invariably make it good when informed of it. No delay in receiving an answer. Distance makes no difference. I cure more than 20,000 every year in different cities, and they all receive their medicines through the mails or by express. Ample directions accompany each remedy and article to be used, so that no mistake can be made.

Patients are requested to be concise, and at the same time minute in the relation of their sexual cases, stating age, the disease, and its duration and symptoms, whether any treatment has been adopted, &c., &c. Out of thousands of letters sent to us annually, by mail, no one has miscarried to our knowledge. Money enclosed in letters is perfectly safe, and is sure to reach us. Letters should be post-paid, and directed to Dr. Thomas Ward, No. 50 Canal street, one door from Broadway, New York.

CURE YOURSELF.

FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL THERE has existed in large cities and populous towns, a species of disease the dependence and propogation of which, results from the violation of divine and moral laws. To those afflicted the AMERICAN COMPOUND is presented to their notice, as being the most certain, speedy and valuable specific, ever offered to the unfortunate. It has wherever known acquired a reputation, that daily experience continues to strengthen, is not unmerited. Thousands have been cured by its use, and as it leaves no odor on the breath, requires no restriction in diet nor business; contains no *Mercury* or noxious drugs, in the least injurious to the system, is boldly presented as the best remedy yet discovered. It has long been used in the practice of a Physician, with unfailing success, radically curing ninety-nine out of a hundred cases. It is the best remedy for *Fleur Albus*, Whites, with which thousands of females suffer, without the knowledge of remedy. Full and plain directions for self treatment, are around each bottle. Price $1.

☞ Caution!—Observe that the genuine has the written signature of the proprietor on the wrapper, and name blown in the bottle. For sale by C. H. Ring, No. 192 Broadway, corner of John; W. M. Giles, cor. of Thirteenth and Sixth Avenue; C. B. Cox, No. 10 Eighth Avenue; cor Bleecker and Charles street; cor. of Grand and Bowery; 353 Sixth Avenue; cor. Broadway and thirty-fourth street, New York. No. 49 Fulton street, Brooklyn; French and Richards, cor. Tenth and Market sts., Philadelphia; E. Stahl, Pratt and Charles sts., Baltimore; A. M. Santos & Co., Norfolk; Haviland, Harald & Co., Charleston; T. M. Turner & Co., Savannah; and by druggists, in all the large towns and cities throughout the United States; also San Francisco, California. Price $1 per bottle.

VICTIMS OF DISEASE.

YOU CANNOT BE TOO CAREFUL IN the selection of a physician or a remedy in these cases. You should apply to a man who has had ample experience and that possesses true skill in the treatment thereof. Such a physician is Dr. Hunter, he lays his claims on the following facts, which can be proven at any moment,

He has been in active practice over 25 years, in this city, and has established the Hunterian Dispensary, 3 Division street, in 1833, exclusively for the treatment of certain diseases, and has devoted all his abilities during all that time, to this branch of medecine only. His great remedy, Hunter's Red Drop, is a medecine perfectly innocent in its action, yet so thorough that it annihilates every particle of the rank and poisonous virtus of this dreadful disease; and on this account alone it was first made public, that unlike all other remedies, it does not dry up the disease in the blood, to break out at a remote period all over the body, or to transmit to the offspring.

It has been counterfeited and slandered more than any medecine of any kind ever brought before the public—knowing that unless they deter the fortunate from obtaining it, their prospects for patronage is gone. The Hunterian Dispensary is conducted on the most honorable principles. No man is required to sign a register of names, or asked who or what he is. Doctor Hunter's business is to cure his patients, and no one knows but the patients and himself that they ever met professionally. He desires young men attached to respectable families, and who are led astray by the numerous temptations of a city life to understand this. He has refused more certificates of cures from persons who had been unsuccessfully treated by other Physicians, than would fill the largest newspaper in the world a dozen times over. apr15 3m

DAGUERREOTYPE HATS.

RAFFERTY & LEASK

are selling their beautiful Drab, Beaver, and Pearl Felt Hats at their usual low prices of $3 and $ 4; and in addition giving each Customer his likeness in his hat, free of charge. They are the only Hatters in the U. S. that can do this. RAFFERTY & LEASK, No. 57 Chatham-st., opposite Chambers, and on the corner of Chatham and Pearl Streets.

The French Lunar Pills.

TO FEMALES EXCLUSIVELY.

THE FRENCH LUNAR PILLS MAY BE OBTAINED by applying either personally or by letter at No. 42 South Main Street, Providence, R. I.

These CELEBRATED PILLS are safe and certain remedies for all suppressions or IRREGULARITIES, and also for other delicate diseases peculiar to females both married and single. The PILLS possess a remarkable power, and when taken according to directions, produce the most surprising yet gratifying results.

☞ A competent medical adviser will always be in attendance to wait on those who wish for a CONFIDENTIAL CONSULTATION.

We wish to say a few words in relation to the above named PILLS, as by so doing we may benefit a large number of females who now may be suffering for the want of a remedy for one of the most distressing complaints peculiar to their sex. Suppression of the MONTHLY TURNS are now very common to all classes of FEMALES, but more especially to those working in the shops and mills, and when such obstructions have taken place it is no trifling matter to find a MEDICINE that will remove the difficulty.

We are satisfied that in a majority of cases of this complaint the FRENCH LUNAR PILLS are the only medicine that can be relied on, at the same time not exposing the patient to danger; we can therefore conscientiously recommend them to all who may be suffering or require their use. There are many medicines now advertised for similar purposes, but it is needless for us to say to any one who has used them that they are worse than useless.

The following statement will be sufficient to satisfy any one. They are from respectable persons:—

DR. CUDWORTH,

SIR—Having occasion to use some medicines for SUPPRESSIONS, I went to a certain doctor to purchase a box of pills, (purporting to be females pills) and paid him $10. I took the medicine, or rather poison. (for so it proved to be) according to his directions, and soon found myself in the most violent pain, attended with spasms and fever, which continued to grow worse until I took an emetic, which alone saved my life, yet I had not gained the object for which I took the medicine. A lady who waited on me said she had used your FRENCH "LUNAR PILLS," and they answered her purpose fairly.

She advised me try to them, and accordingly I wish you would send me what you think sufficient for my case.

The medicine was accordingly sent, with a request that the lady might communicate the result. In less than a week the following letter was received from the lady's husband:—

DR. CUDWORTH,

DEAR SIR—The MEDICINE which you sent us on the 17th has had the DESIRED EFFECT. My wife's OBJECT IS ACCOMPLISHED.

A lady says "they answered my case finely," a gentleman in Pawtucket, R. I., whose lady had used the FRENCH LUNAR PILLS, says, "they are the most wonderful medicine I ever knew." A lady in Bristol, R. I., recently said, "I believe that the FRENCH LUNAR PILLS